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AT NIGHTFALL.

COMING along by the meadows,
Just after the sun went down,
Watching the gathering shadows
Creep over the hillsides brown;

Coming along in the gloaming,
With never a star in the sky,
My thoughts went a-roaming, a-roaming
Through days that are long gone by;

Days when desire said, "To-morrow,
To-morrow, heart, we'll be gay!"
Days ere the heart heard the sorrow
Which echoes through yesterday.

Life was a goblet burnished
That with love for wine was filled;
The cup is bruised and tarnished,
And the precious wine is spilled.

But to the traveller weary,
Just coming in sight of home,
What does it matter how dreary
The way whereby he has come?

Coming along by the meadows,
And watching the fading day,
Duskier than night's dusky shadows
Fell shadows of yesterday.

In the northern sunset's glimmer
The great bear opened his eyes;
Low in the east a shimmer
Showed where the full moon would rise.

Lights in a window were gleaming,
And some one stood at a gate,
Said, "Why do you stand there dreaming?
And why are you home so late?"

Yesterday's shadow and sorrow
That moment all vanished away!
Here were to-day and to-morrow —
What matter for yesterday?

Good Words.

M. A. H.

THE WRONG TIME.

SOME indiscreet Abderite boys,
Within a limpit's hollow,
Offered in laurel-juice blue flies
As victims to Apollo.

The god appeased will bless, they thought,
Our tasks of prose and rhyme;
So they the fitting insects caught,
But lost the fitting time.

When Pedagogue their progress tries,
Nor finds the lesson done,
In vain they plead the sacrifice.
He whips them every one.

G. S. CAUTLEY.

TRUE.

TRUE to the promise of thy far-off youth,
When all who loved thee, for thee prophesied
A grand, full life, devoted to the truth,
A noble cause by suffering sanctified.
True to all beauties of the poet-thought
Which made thy youth so eloquent and sweet;
True to all duties which thy manhood brought
To take the room of fancies light and fleet.
True to the steadfast walk and narrow way,
Which thy forefathers of the covenant trod!
True to thy friend in foul or sunny day,
True to thy home, thy country, and thy God;
True to the world, which still is false to thee,
And true to all — as thou art true to me.
True to the vow that bound us in the lane,
That summer evening when the brown bird
sang,

Piercing the silence with sweet notes of pain,
While echoes over all the woodland rang.
True to the troth we plighted on that day,
Each to forsake all other for the one;
Cleaving together through the unknown way,
Till death made void the union then begun.
True to the love brought by a little hand:
True — though the patter of the childish feet
Have passed from earth into the silent land;
Loss hallows love, and love is still complete.
I can lift up mine eyes from teardrops free,
For thou art true to all these things — and me.

All The Year Round.

WITH A PRESENT.

THE index to a book is small
Compared with what the book contains;
The head, though but a little ball,
Incloses ardent, thoughtful brains.

And drops of rain are little things
That point to oceans in the sky;
And bridegrooms deal in little rings
As symbols of the strongest tie.

And little blades of grass, though small,
All point to life within the earth —
That life, that in this great round ball
Gives spring its sweetest, freshest birth.

A woman's eye is but a bead
Set clear and fair 'neath snowy brow,
And yet it shews the fairest creed
Before which men on earth may bow.

And words are little weakling notes
That vanish like a passing sigh,
And yet they tell our sweetest thoughts,
And have told thoughts that will not die.

So this I send is but a mark
Of grateful thoughts and warm esteem —
Is but a little way'ring spark
Dropped down from friendship's glowing
beam!

Chambers' Journal.

From The Fortnightly Review.

HALLUCINATIONS OF THE SENSES.

By hallucination is meant, in scientific phraseology, such a false perception of one or other of the senses as a person has when he sees, hears, or otherwise perceives as real what has no outward existence—that is to say, has no existence outside his own mind, is entirely subjective. The subject is one which has special medical interest; but it will be seen to have also a large general interest, when it is remembered how momentous a part hallucinations have played sometimes at critical periods of human history. Take, for example, the mighty work which was done in the deliverance of France from English dominion by a peasant girl of eighteen—Joan of Arc, the famous Maid of Orleans, who was inspired to her mission by the vision which she saw, and the commands which she heard, of St. Michael and other holy persons. Now, as there are few persons nowadays who believe that St. Michael really appeared to this enraptured maiden, and as few, if any, will doubt that she herself sincerely believed that he did, one must needs suppose that her visions were hallucinations generated by the enthusiasm of a mind which was in a singularly exalted strain of religious and patriotic feeling.

The special medical interest of the subject lies in this—that there are a great many persons in the world who, suffering under some form or other of nervous disorder, habitually see figures or faces, hear threatening or insulting voices, even feel blows and taste poisons, which have no existence outside their own minds; and neither argument nor demonstration of the impossibility of what they allege they perceive, will shake their convictions in the least. “You assure me,” they will say, “that I am mistaken; that there are no such persons as I see, no such voices as I hear; but I protest to you that I see and hear them as distinctly as I see and hear you at this moment, and that they are just as real to me.” What are we to reply? I have replied sometimes, “that as you are alone on one side in your opinion, and all the world is on the other side, I must needs think, either that you are an extraor-

dinary genius, far in advance of the rest of the world, or that you are a madman a long way behind it; and as I don't think you to be a genius I am bound to conclude that your senses are disordered.” But the argument does not produce the least effect.

Let me give an example or two of the character of these hallucinations, and of their persistence in minds that might be thought sane enough to correct them. The first shall be that of an old gentleman who was much distressed because of an extremely offensive smell which he imagined to proceed from all parts of his body: there was not the least ground, in fact, for this imagination. He was scrupulously clean in person, extremely courteous in manner, thoroughly rational in his conversation on every other subject, a shrewd and clever man of business; no one, talking with him, would, for a moment, have suspected him of entertaining such extraordinary fancies. Nevertheless, his life was made miserable by them; he would not go into society, but took solitary rambles in the country, where he might meet as few persons as possible; in his own house he slept for the first part of the night on the ground-floor, mounting up higher at a later period of the night; and this he did to prevent the bad odors from becoming too concentrated in one room. He believed that people in the next house were irritated and offended by the emanations, for he often heard them moving about and coughing; and when he passed a cabstand in the street, he noticed that even the horses became restless and fidgeted. He used to hang his clothes out of the window at night that they might get pure, until his housekeeper put a stop to the practice by telling him that the exhibition of them would excite the notice and comment of his neighbors. All the while he was conducting his business with propriety and success; his own partners had no suspicion of his condition. Knowing this, I asked him how it was that no one of the many persons whom he met daily in business had ever complained of any bad smell, and the answer he made was that they were all too polite to do so, but he could see that they were affected nevertheless, as they sometimes put their handkerchiefs

to their noses — no doubt for a quite innocent purpose.

Another gentleman was the victim of a very common hallucination; he was much afflicted by voices, which were continually speaking to him, at all times and all places — in the quietude of his room and in the crowded streets, by night and by day. He had come to the conclusion that they must be the voices of evil spirits in the air which tormented him. They knew his thoughts and replied to them before he had himself conceived them; the remarks which they made were always annoying, often threatening and abusive, and sometimes most offensive and distressing; and they disturbed him so much at night that he got very little sleep. He had been driven to the expedient of buying a musical-box, which he placed under his pillow when he went to bed. The noise of the music drowned the noise of the tormenting voices and enabled him to get to sleep; but, as he said, the measure was not entirely satisfactory, because when the box had played out its tunes, it stopped, and he was obliged to wind it up again. It was impossible to persuade this gentleman, sensible as he seemed in other respects, that the voices had no real existence, and that they were due to the disordered state of his nervous system. After listening attentively to my arguments he went away sorrowful, feeling that I had no help for him. I may remark, by the way, that auditory hallucinations of this kind are apt to occur in prisoners who are subjected to long periods of solitary confinement in their cells: they have no mental resources to fall back upon, and their brooding thoughts, not being distracted by the conversation of others, nor having their usual outlet in their own conversation, become audible by them as actual voices.

I might relate many more examples, but these will suffice. Each sense may of course be affected, and sight stands next to hearing in its liability to suffer. In delirium tremens, hallucinations of sight are characteristic features: the patient commonly sees reptiles and vermin in his room, serpents crawling over the floor, rats and mice running over his bed, and pushes them away in a state of restless agitation.

In some forms of insanity, the sufferer mistakes persons, believing entire strangers to be near friends or relations; or, again, he may see a person whom he imagines to be his persecutor, escape from the house, when there was really no such person, and buy a revolver, to be ready for him when next he comes prowling about; and in one form of the deepest melancholy, which is known as *melancholia attonita*, he has sometimes terrible hallucinations — sees, probably, a deep abyss of roaring flames or a vast sea of blood immediately in front of him, and will not make the least movement, lest he should be precipitated headlong into it. There can be no doubt of the mental disorder of persons who suffer in this way; but it must not be supposed that hallucinations of sight do not occur to persons who are free from mental disorder. I cannot help thinking that they furnish the explanation of the firm belief in ghosts and apparitions which has prevailed among all nations and in all times. A belief so universal must have some deep foundation in the facts of nature or in the constitution of man. One may freely admit that persons have seen apparitions and have heard voices which they thought to be supernatural; but inasmuch as seeing is one thing, and the interpretation thereof quite another thing, it may be right to conclude that they were nothing more than hallucinations, and that the reason why no ghosts are seen now, when people pass through churchyards on dark nights, as our forefathers saw them, is that ghosts are not believed in nowadays, while we have gained a knowledge of the nature of hallucinations, and of the frequency of their occurrence, which our forefathers had not.

One does not fail to notice, when proper attention is given to the subject, a fact which is full of meaning, viz., that the apparitions which have been seen at different ages were in harmony with the dominant ideas or beliefs of the age. It is not probable that any one could be found at the present day to affirm that he had seen an old woman riding through the air on a broomstick to a witch's meeting, because the belief in witchcraft is happily well-nigh

extinct; but two or three hundred years ago, when it would have been thought something like blasphemy to doubt the being and doings of witches, persons of character and veracity might have been found to avouch it solemnly. In like manner, apparitions of Satan were not very uncommon in the Middle Ages to persons who, like Luther, were in earnest spiritual conflict with him; but there is no instance on record, so far as I know, of such an apparition having ever been seen by an ancient Greek or Roman. The Satan of the Middle Ages who gave Luther so much trouble had not then been invented. Spirits, ghosts, then, and all apparitions of the same kind, I was prepared to have pronounced unhesitatingly to have been hallucinations, which would be found on examination to reflect pretty fairly the prevailing ideas of the time concerning the supernatural; but it occurred to me that it might be prudent, before doing that, to consult the article on apparitions in the latest edition of the "*Encyclopædia Britannica*," lest perchance I should be outrunning current authority; and I have there discovered, to my no small surprise, that it is still an open question whether invisible inhabitants of the unknown world did not take human or other shapes and become visible to men. The writer of the article plainly inclines to the opinion that they do, and that there is more in the matter than science has yet dreamt of. So also think the spiritualists.

I now go on to consider the mode of production of hallucinations. At the first blush there might seem to be a great gap between such false perceptions of the senses as I have given examples of, and the faithfully serving senses of a person who is in good health of mind and body. But here, as elsewhere, in nature we find, when we look closely into the matter, that there is no break; we may be pretty sure, perhaps, that when we say of any phenomenon, however strange, that it is singular and quite unlike anything else in the world, we are mistaken, and that we shall not fail to discover other things like it if we search intelligently. Certainly we can trace gradational states between the most extreme hallucinations and such temporary

disorders of the senses as healthy persons often have. Let any one stoop down with his head hanging low for a minute, and when he raises it he will have, besides a feeling of giddiness, a sound of singing or of ringing in his ears, and may see a flash or two of light before his eyes; and there are some persons who, under such circumstances, see actual figures for the moment. These sensations are hallucinations; there is no light, nor sound, nor figure outside to cause them; they are owing to the stimulation of their respective nerve-centres by a congestion of blood in the brain, which has been produced by the hanging down of the head. Here, then, we have hallucinations that are consistent with the best health; they are due to temporary causes of disturbance of the circulation, and disappear as they disappear. Going a step further, we may watch at the beginning of a fever how gradually the hallucinations take hold of the mind, until their true nature is not recognized. At first the fever-patient is quite aware of his actual surroundings, knowing the persons and objects about him, and when strange faces seem to appear among the familiar faces, as they do, he knows that they are not real, and will talk of them as visions; perhaps they occur at first only when his eyes are shut, or when the room is dark, and vanish directly he opens his eyes or the room is lit up. After a while they come more often, and whether his eyes are shut or not; he becomes uncertain whether they are real or not, assenting when he is told that they are phantoms, but falling back immediately into doubt and uncertainty. At last they get entire mastery of him, he cannot distinguish in the least between them and real figures, discourses with them as if they were real — is wildly delirious.

If the nature of the process by which we perceive and know an external object, be considered, it will be seen that it is much easier to have a false perception than might appear at first sight. When we look at any familiar object — say a cat or a dog — we seem to see at once its shape, its size, its smoothness of coat, and the other qualities by which we know it to be a cat or a dog, but we don't actually

see anything of the kind. The proof is that if a person blind from his birth, who knew the cat and dog perfectly well by touch, were to obtain sight by means of a surgical operation when he was thirty years old, he would not know by sight alone either cat or dog, or be able to tell which was which. But if he were permitted to touch the animals he would recognize them instantly, and ever afterwards the impression which they produce on sight would be associated with the impression which they produce on touch, and he would know them when he saw them. That is the way in which the perception of a particular object is formed — by the association of all the sensations which it is adapted to excite in our different senses, their combination in what we call an idea. For example, in the idea of an orange are combined the sensations which we get by tasting it, by touching it, by smelling it, by looking at it, by handling it, each sensation having been acquired by its particular sense in the course of an education which has been going on ever since we were born: when we have got them in that way, they combine to form the *idea* of the orange; and it is by virtue of this idea, which has been formed and registered in the mind, that we are able to think of an orange, that is, to form a mental image of it, when it is not present to any sense, and to recognize it instantly when it is. It is plain, then, how large a part, by virtue of its past experience, the mind contributes to each perception: when we look at an orange it tacitly supplies to the impression which it makes on sight all the information about it which we have got at different times by our other senses, and which sight does not in the least give us; the visual impression is no more in truth than a sign to which experience has taught us to give its proper meaning, just as the written or spoken word in any language is a sign which is meaningless until we have been taught what to mean by it. So true it is that the eye only sees what it brings the faculty of seeing, and that many persons have eyes, yet see not.

This being so, it is clear that the idea in the mind will very much affect the perception, and that if any one goes to look at something, or to taste something, or to feel something, with a strongly preconceived idea of what it is, he will be likely, if it is not what he thinks it, to have a mistaken perception — to see, or feel, or touch what he thinks it is, not what it really is. This is, indeed, one of the most common causes of erroneous observation, and one

which the scientific observer knows well he must always vigilantly guard against. If a man has a foregone conclusion of what he will see, it is not safe to trust his observation implicitly, either in science or in common life. We witness the most striking examples of this dominion of the idea over sense in persons who have been put into the so-called mesmeric state. The operator gives them simple water to taste, telling them at the same time that it is some nauseating and bitter mixture, and they spit it out with grimaces of disgust when they attempt to drink it; when he tells them that what he offers them is sweet and pleasant, though it is as bitter as wormwood, they smack their lips as if they had tasted something remarkably good; if assured that a swarm of bees is buzzing about them, they are in the greatest trepidation, and go through violent antics to beat them off. Their senses are dominated by the idea suggested, and they are very much in the position of an insane person who believes that he tastes poison in his food when he imagines that some one wishes to poison him, or sees an enemy lurking about his premises when he believes himself to be the victim of persecution.

Here, then, we are brought to one efficient cause of hallucinations — namely, a vividly conceived idea which is so intense that it appears to be an actual perception, a mental image so vivid that it becomes a visual image. Everybody knows that the idea or imagination of a sensation will sometimes cause a person to feel the sensation; the mention or the sight of certain little insects which inhabit the bodies of uncleanly persons, seldom fails to make the skin itch uncomfortably. John Hunter said of himself: "I am confident that I can fix my attention to any part, until I have a sensation in that part." Sir Isaac Newton could call up a spectrum of the sun when he was in the dark, by intense direction of his mind to the idea of it, "as when a man looks earnestly to see a thing which is difficult to be seen." Dickens used to allege that he sometimes heard the characters of his novels actually speak to him; and a great French novelist declared that when he wrote the description of the poisoning of one of his characters, he had the taste of arsenic so distinctly in his mouth that he was himself poisoned, had a severe attack of indigestion, and vomited all his dinner — a most pregnant proof of the power of imagination over sense, because arsenic has scarcely an appreciable taste beyond being sweetish!

Artists sometimes have, in an intense form, the faculty of such vivid mental representation as to become mental presentation. It was very notable in that extraordinary genius, William Blake, poet and painter, who used constantly to see his conceptions as actual images or visions. "You have only," he said, "to work up imagination to the state of vision, and the thing is done." The power is, without doubt, consistent with perfect sanity of mind, although it may be doubtful whether a person who thought it right for himself and his wife to imitate the naked innocence of Paradise in the back garden of a Lambeth house, as Blake did, was quite sane; but too frequent exercise of the power is full of peril to the mind's stability. A person may call up images in this way and they will come, but he may not be able to dismiss them, and they may haunt him when he would gladly be rid of them. He is like the sorcerer who has called spirits from the vasty deep, and has forgotten the spell by which, to lay them again. Dr. Wigan tells of a skilful painter whom he knew, who assured him that he had once painted three hundred portraits in one year. The secret of his rapidity and success was that he required but one sitting and painted with wonderful facility. "When a sitter came," he said, "I looked at him attentively for half an hour, sketching from time to time on the canvas. I wanted no more; I put away my canvas, and took another sitter. When I wished to resume my first portrait, I took the man and set him in the chair, where I saw him as distinctly as if he had been before me in his own proper person—I may almost say more vividly. I looked from time to time at the imaginary figure, then worked with my pencil, then referred to the countenance, and so on, just as I should have done had the sitter been there. When I looked at the chair, I saw the man. . . . Gradually I began to lose the distinction between the imaginary figure and the real person, and sometimes disputed with sitters that they had been with me the day before. At last I was sure of it, and then—and then—all is confusion. I suppose they took the alarm. I recollect nothing more. I lost my senses—was thirty years in an asylum. The whole period, except the last six months of my confinement, is a dead blank in my memory."

Or, if the person does not go out of his mind, he may be so distressed by the persistence of the apparition which he has created as to fall into melan-

choly and despair, and even to commit suicide.

"I knew," says the same author, "a very intelligent and amiable man, who had the power of thus placing before his own eyes *himself*, and often laughed heartily at his double, who always seemed to laugh in turn. This was long a subject of amusement and joke; but the ultimate result was lamentable. He became gradually convinced that he was haunted by himself. This other self would argue with him pertinaciously, and, to his great mortification, sometimes refute him, which, as he was very proud of his logical powers, humiliated him exceedingly. He was eccentric, but was never placed in confinement, or subjected to the slightest restraint. At length, worn out by the annoyance, he deliberately resolved not to enter on another year of existence—paid all his debts, wrapped up in separate papers the amount of the weekly demands, waited, pistol in hand, the night of the thirty-first of December, and as the clock struck twelve fired it into his mouth."

Were illustrations needed of the production of hallucination by the intensity of the conception, I might take them from Shakespeare, who has given many instances of these "coinages of the brain" which, he says truly, ecstasy is very cunning in. Hamlet, perturbed by the apparition of his father's ghost, whose commands he was neglecting, bends his eyes on vacancy and holds discourse with the incorporeal air. A dagger, sensible to sight but not feeling, points Macbeth the way to the bed where lay Duncan whom he was about treacherously to stab; he attempts to clutch it, exclaiming justly when he grasps nothing,—

There's no such thing:

It is the bloody business which informs
Thus to mine eyes.

In the well-known passage in which he compares the imaginations of the lunatic, the lover, and the poet, Shakespeare sets forth the very manner of the production of hallucinations, and illustrates the gradations of the process:—

The lunatic, the lover, and the poet,
Are of imagination all compact:
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman: the lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt:
The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth
to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen

Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothings

A local habitation and a name.

Or I might adduce the case of the great Protestant reformer, Luther, who is said — I know not how truly — to have thrown his inkstand at the devil on one occasion; at any rate the mark of the ink is still shown on the wall of the chamber which Luther occupied. True or not, there is nothing improbable in the story; for Luther, though endowed with great sagacity and extraordinary intellectual energy, entertained the common notions of the personality and the doings of the devil which were current among the people of his age. He pictured him very much as a Saxon peasant pictured him. It was the devil, he believed, who caused a great storm, and he declared that idiots, the blind, the lame, and the dumb were persons in whom devils had established themselves, and that physicians who tried to cure their infirmities as though they proceeded from natural causes were ignorant blockheads who knew nothing of the power of the demon. He speaks of the devil coming into his cell and making a great noise behind the stove, and of his hearing him walking in the cloister above his cell in the night; "but as I knew it was the devil," he says, "I paid no attention to him, and went to sleep."

This, then, is one way in which hallucination is produced — by the downward action of idea upon sense. My illustrations of this mode of production have been taken from sane minds, but the hallucinations of the insane are oftentimes generated in the same way. A person of shy, suspicious, and reserved nature, who imagines that people are thinking or speaking ill of him or going out of their way to do him harm, nurses his habit of moody suspicion until it grows to be a delusion that he is the victim of a conspiracy; he then sees evidence of it in the innocent gestures and words of friends with whom he holds intercourse, of servants who wait upon him, and of persons who pass him in the streets; these he misinterprets entirely, seeing in them secret signs, mysterious threats, criminal accusations. It may be pointed out to him that the words and gestures were perfectly natural and innocent, and that no one but himself can perceive the least offence in them; his belief is not touched by the demonstration, for his senses are enslaved by the dominant idea and work only in its service. Sometimes an insane patient who tastes poison in his food and refuses it when it is given to him

by one attendant whom he suspects of poisoning him, will take the same food from another attendant, of whom he has no suspicion, without tasting any poison: a proof how much the morbid idea perverts his taste. There is a form of insanity, known as general paralysis, which is marked by an extraordinary feeling of elation and by the most extravagant delusions of wealth or grandeur, and the patient who labors under it often picks up pebbles, pieces of broken glass, and the like, which he hoards as priceless jewels: there is another form of insanity known as melancholia, which is marked by an opposite feeling of profound mental depression and corresponding gloomy delusions, and the patient who labors under its worst form sometimes sees devils in those who minister to him, hears jeers in their consoling words, and imagines torments in their anxious attentions. In each case the hallucinations reflect the dominant morbid feelings and ideas.

A second way in which hallucinations appear to originate is directly in the organ of sense or in its sensory ganglion, which for present purposes I may consider as one. Stimulation of the organ or of its ganglion will undoubtedly give rise to hallucination: a blow on the eye makes a person see sparks of fire or flashes of light, a blow on the ear makes his ears ring; in fact, any organ of sense, when irritated either by a direct stimulus to its nerve-centre, or by a perverted state of the blood which circulates through it, will have the same sensation aroused in it, no matter what the stimulus, as is produced by its natural stimulus. We can irritate the sensory ganglion directly by introducing certain poisonous substances into the blood, and so occasion hallucinations: for example, when a person is poisoned with belladonna (deadly nightshade) he smiles and stares and grasps at imaginary objects which he sees before him, and is delirious. Other drugs will produce similar effects. A French physiologist has made a great many experiments in poisoning dogs with alcohol by injecting it into their veins, and he has found that he can arouse in them very vivid hallucinations: the dog will start up perhaps with savage glare, stare at the blank wall, bark furiously, and seem to rush into a furious fight with an imaginary dog; after a time it ceases to fight, looks in the direction of its imaginary adversary, growling once or twice, and settles down quietly.

The hallucinations which occur in fevers and in some other bodily diseases evidently

proceed directly from disorder of the sensory centres, and not from the action of morbid idea upon sense; for we have seen that before they are fixed the intellect struggles against them successfully and holds them in check. A well-known and instructive instance of hallucinations, due to bodily causes, and which did not affect the judgment, is that of Nicolai, a bookseller of Berlin, who, being a person of great intelligence, observed his state carefully and has given an interesting account of it. He had been exposed to a succession of severe trials which had greatly affected him, when, after an incident which particularly agitated and distressed him, he suddenly saw at the distance of ten paces a figure—the standing figure of a deceased person. He asked his wife if she could not see it, but she, as she saw nothing, was alarmed and sent for a physician. When he went into another room it followed him. After troubling him for a day it disappeared, but was followed by several other distinct figures; some of them the figures of persons he knew, but most of them of persons he did not know. "After I had recovered," he says, "from the first impression of terror, I never felt myself particularly agitated by these apparitions, as I considered them to be what they really were—the extraordinary consequences of indisposition; on the contrary, I endeavored as much as possible to preserve my composure of mind, that I might remain distinctly conscious of what passed within me." He could trace no connection between the figures and his thoughts, nor could he call up at his own pleasure the phantoms of acquaintances which he tried to call up by vivid imagination of them; however accurately and intensely he pictured their figures to his mind, he never once succeeded in his desire to see them *externally*, although the figures of these very persons would often present themselves involuntarily. He saw the figures when alone and in company, in the daytime and in the night; when he shut his eyes they sometimes disappeared, sometimes not; they were as distinct as if they were real beings, but he had no trouble in distinguishing them from real figures. After four weeks they began to speak, sometimes to one another, but most often to him: their speeches were short and not disagreeable. Being recommended to lose some blood, he consented. During the operation the room swarmed with human figures, but a few hours afterwards they moved more slowly, became gradually paler, and finally van-

ished. This example proves very clearly that a person may be haunted with apparitions, and yet observe them and reason about their nature as sanely as any indifferent outsider could do. It illustrates very well, too, the second mode of origin; for it is reasonable to suppose that they were produced by congestion of blood in the brain acting upon the sensory centres, and that they were dissipated by the removal of the congestion by blood-letting. This is the more probable, as cases have been recorded in which the suppression of a habitual discharge of blood from the body has been followed by hallucinations, and others again in which hallucinations have been cured by the abstraction of blood.

Exhaustion of the nerve-centres themselves by excessive fatigue, mental and bodily, or by starvation, or by disease, will cause a person to see visions sometimes. I may call to mind the well-known case of Brutus, who, as he sat alone at night in his tent before the decisive battle of Philippi, wrapt in meditation, saw on raising his eyes a monstrous and horrible spectre standing silently by his side. "Who art thou?" he asked. The spectre answered, "I am thy evil genius, Brutus. Thou wilt see me at Philippi." He replied, "I will meet thee there." The religious ascetic who withdrew himself from the society of men to some solitary place in the desert or to some cave in the hills, there passing his lonely life in prayer and meditation, and mortifying his body with long fastings and frequent scourgings, brought himself to such a state of irritable exhaustion that he commonly saw, according to his mood of feeling, either visions of angels and saints who consoled him in his sufferings, or visions of devils who tempted and tormented him.* The shipwrecked sailor, when delirious from the exhaustion produced by want of food and drink, sometimes has attractive visions of green fields and pleasant streams, and

* This is a Mohammedan receipt for summoning spirits:—

"Fast seven days in a lonely place, and take incense with you, such as benzoin, aloes-wood, mastic, and odoriferous wood from Soudan, and read the chapter 1001 times (from the Koran) in the seven days—a certain number of readings, namely, for every one of the five daily prayers. That is the secret, and you will see indescribable wonders; drums will be beaten beside you, and flags hoisted over your head, and you will see spirits full of light and of beautiful and benign aspect."—*"Upper Egypt; its People and Products,"* by Dr. Klunzinger, p. 386.

An acquaintance of his, who had undergone the course of self-mortification, said that he really saw all kinds of horrible forms in his magic circle, but he saw them also when his eyes were shut. At last he got quite terrified and left the place.

cannot be prevented from throwing himself overboard in the mad desire to reach them. The dying person, in the last stage of exhaustion from a wasting disease, has had his death-bed visions of joy or of horror: the good man, whose mind was at rest, has been comforted by visions of heaven; the wicked man, whose troubled conscience would not let him die in peace, has been terrified with spectres of horror—the murderer perhaps by the accusing apparition of his victim. These were thought at one time to be supernatural visitations; they are known now to be for the most part hallucinations, such as occur in the last stage of flickering life, when, to use Shakespeare's words,—

His brain doth, by the idle comments that it makes,
Foretell the ending of mortality.*

I cannot of course enumerate all the bodily conditions in which hallucinations appear, but there is one more which I shall mention particularly, because it has been the foundation of a prophetic or apostolic mission. It is not at all uncommon for a vivid hallucination of one or other of the senses, of hearing, of sight, of smell, of touch, of muscular sensibility, to precede immediately the unconsciousness of an epileptic fit. It may be a command or threat uttered in a distinct voice, or the figure of a person clearly seen, or a feeling of sinking into the ground or of rising into the air; and a common visual hallucination on such occasions is a flash, a halo or a flood of bright or colored light, which makes a strong impression before the person falls unconscious. When he comes to himself, he remembers it vividly, and believes perhaps that it was a vision of an angel of light or of the Holy Ghost.

* In the Second Part of "Henry VI." Shakespeare gives an instance of a fearful death-bed hallucination, when Cardinal Beaufort is at the point of death:—

King. How fares my lord? Speak, Beaufort, to thy sovereign.

Cardinal. If thou be'st death, I'll give thee England's treasure,
Enough to purchase such another island,
So thou wilt let me live, and feel no pain.

King. Ah, what a sign it is of evil life,
Where death's approach is seen so terrible!

Warwick. Beaufort, it is thy sovereign speaks to thee.

Car. Bring me unto the trial when you will.
Died he not in his bed? where should he die?
Can I make men live, whether they will or no?

O torture me no more! I will confess.
Alive again? then show me where he is:
I'll give a thousand pounds to look upon him.
He hath no eyes, the dust hath blinded them.
Comb down his hair; look, look, it stands upright,
Like lime-twigs set to catch my winged soul.
Give me some drink; and bid the apothecary
Bring the strong poison that I bought of him.

There can be no doubt that angelic apparitions and heavenly visions have sometimes had this origin. Proceeding from the sensory centre, not from the higher centres of thought, they are calculated to produce the stronger impression of their miraculous nature; for if the person knows that he was not thinking of anything of the kind when the vision occurred, he will naturally be the more startled and affected by it. I might give many striking examples in proof of what I say, but I will content myself with an ordinary and comparatively recent one. Two or three years ago a laborer in the Chatham dockyard, who was epileptic and had once been in an asylum for insanity, suddenly split the skull of a fellow-laborer near him with an adze. There was no apparent motive for the deed, for the men were not on bad terms. He was of course tried for murder, but was acquitted by the jury on the ground of insanity, in accordance with the medical evidence, but directly in the teeth of a strong charge of the judge, and much to the disappointment of certain newspapers whose editorial feelings are sadly harrowed whenever an insane person escapes from the gallows. He is now in the criminal asylum at Broadmoor, and he has told the medical officers there—what was not known at the trial—that some years before the murder he had received the Holy Ghost; that it came to him like a flash of light; and that his own eyes had been taken out and other eyes, like balls of fire, substituted for them. A characteristic epileptic hallucination! Let us suppose that this man had undertaken some prophetic mission, as epileptics have done, and had put into it all the energy of his epileptic temperament, he would have declared with perfect sincerity, so far as he was concerned, that the Holy Ghost appeared to him in a vision as an exceeding bright light, and, behold! his own eyes were taken out and balls of fire were in their places.

Some persons maintain that the earliest visions of Mahomet, who, like Cæsar, was epileptic, were of this kind, and that his change of character and the assumption of his prophetic mission followed an epileptic vision. Tradition tells us that he was walking in solitude in the lonely defiles and valleys near Mecca, when every stone and tree greeted him with the words, "Hail to thee, O messenger of God!" He looked round to the right and to the left, but discovered nothing but stones and trees. Soon after this, the angel Gabriel appeared to him in a vision

on the mountain Hira, and announced to him the message of God. The origin of the hallucination seems to have been in this wise. While walking in the valley meditating in solitude on the degrading idolatry of the people, and girding himself to the resolution to undertake a great work of reform which might well seem beyond his strength and make him pause, the intense thoughts of his mental agony were suddenly heard by him as a real voice, where there was no voice; and the vision which he saw when he next fell into an epileptic trance was deemed to be the apparition of the angel Gabriel.

If this be so, and much more if all the apparitions and visions which mankind have seen at different times were really hallucinations, it is startling to reflect what a mighty influence illusions have had on the course of human history. One is almost driven to ask in despair whether all in the world is not illusion, whether "all that we see and seem is not a dream within a dream." But there are countervailing considerations which may abate alarm. If a great work in the world has been done in consequence of a vision which was not, as it was believed to be, a supernatural revelation, but a hallucination produced in accordance with natural laws, the work done, were it good or bad, was none the less real. And inasmuch as the hallucination, whatever its character, is in accordance with the habit of thought and feeling of the person to whom it occurs, and is interpreted, if it be not actually generated, by his manner of thinking, we may put it out of sight as a thing of secondary importance, as an incidental expression, so to speak, of the earnest belief, and fix our minds on this belief as the primary and real agent in the production of the effect. Had Mahomet never seen the angel Gabriel, it is probable that the great mission which he accomplished — the overthrow of idolatry and polytheism and the welding of scattered tribes into a powerful nation — would have been accomplished either by him or by some other prophet, who would have risen up to do what the world had at heart at that time. Had any one else who had not Mahomet's great powers of mind, and who had not prepared himself, as he had done, by many silent hours of meditation and prayer, to take up the reformer's cross, seen the angel Gabriel or any number of angels, he would not have done the mighty work. Who can doubt that the mission of Mahomet was the message of God to the people at that time, as who can doubt that the thunder of the Russian

cannon has been the awful message of God to the Mahometan Turks of this time?

So much then for the nature of hallucinations and their principal modes of origin. Although they sometimes originate primarily in the sensory centres, and sometimes primarily in the higher centres of thought, it is very probable that, in many instances, they have a mixed origin. It can hardly be otherwise, seeing how intimate is the structural and functional connection between the nerve-centres of thought and sense, and how likely so closely connected nerve-centres are to sympathize in suffering when the one or the other is disordered.

No one pretends that a person who, laboring under hallucinations, knows their true nature, as Nicolai did, is insane; but it is often said that he has passed the limits of sanity and must be accounted insane when he does not recognize their real nature, and believes in them and acts upon them. But the examples which I have given prove this to be too absolute a statement. I should be very loath to say that either Mahomet or Luther was mad. When the hallucination is the consistent expression of an earnest and coherent belief, which is not itself the product of insanity, it is no proof of insanity, although it may indicate a somewhat unstable state of the brain, and warn a prudent man to temper the ardor of his belief. When, however, a person has hallucinations that are utterly inconsistent with the observation and common sense of the rest of mankind, when he cannot correct the mistakes of one sense by the evidence of another, although every opportunity is afforded him to do so, when he believes in them in spite of confuting evidence, and when he suffers them to govern his conduct, then he must certainly be accounted insane: he is so much out of harmony of thought and feeling with his kind that we cannot divine his motives or reckon upon his conduct, and are compelled to put him under restraint. Persons of this class are apt to be troublesome and even dangerous; believing that they are pursued by a conspiracy, hearing the threatening voices of their persecutors wherever they go, seeing proofs everywhere of their evil machinations, smelling poisonous fumes, feeling the torture inflicted by concealed galvanic wires, they endeavor to protect themselves by all sorts of devices — appeal to the magistrates and the police for assistance, become public nuisances in courts of justice, are, perhaps, driven at last, either from despair of getting redress, or by the

fury of the moment, to attack some one whom they believe to be an agent in the persecution which they are undergoing. Some of them hear voices commanding them peremptorily to do some act or other — it may be to kill themselves or others — and they are not unlikely in the end to obey the mysterious commands which they receive.

Having said so much concerning the causation and character of hallucinations, I ought, perhaps, before concluding, to say something about the means of getting rid of them. Unfortunately, it is very little that I can say, for, when once they have taken firm hold of a person, they are seldom got rid of. When they occur during an acute case of insanity, where there is much mental excitement, they certainly often disappear as the excitement passes off, or soon afterwards, just as they disappear when the delirium of fever subsides; but when they have become chronic they hold their ground in defiance of every kind of assault upon them. Over and over again the experiment has been tried of proving to the hallucinated patient in every possible way, and by every imaginable device, that his perceptions are false, but in vain.

You may as well

Forbid the sea for to obey the moon
As or by oath or counsel shake
The fabric of his folly, whose foundation is
Piled upon his faith, and will continue
The standing of his body.

There is more to be done to prevent hallucinations, I think, than to cure them; that is to say, by prudent care of the body and wise culture of the mind. Looking to their mode of origin, it is obviously of the first importance, trite maxim as it may seem, to keep the body in good health; for not only will bodily disorder directly occasion hallucinations by disturbance of the sensory centres, but by its depressing influence on the entire nervous system it hinders sound, and predisposes to unsound, thought and feeling. Every one knows how hard a matter it is to perceive accurately, to feel calmly, and to think clearly, when the liver is out of order; there is then a good foundation for hallucination. It has so long been the habit to exalt the mind as the noble, spiritual, and immortal part of man, at the expense of the body, as the vile, material, and mortal part, that, while it is not thought at all strange that every possible care and attention should be given to mental cultivation, a person who should give the same sort of careful atten-

tion to his body would be thought somewhat meanly of. And yet I am sure that a wise man, who would ease best the burden of life, cannot do better than watchfully to keep undefiled and holy — that is, healthy — the noble temple of his body. Is it not a glaring inconsistency that men should pretend to fall into ecstasies of admiration of the temples which they have built with their own hands, and to claim reverence for their ruins, and, at the same time, should have no reverence for, or should actually speak contemptuously of, that most complex, ingenious, and admirable structure which the human body is? However, if they really neglect it, it is secure of its revenge; no one will come to much by his most strenuous mental exercises, except upon the basis of a good organization — for a sound body is assuredly the foundation of a sound mind.

In respect of the mental cultivation to be adopted, in order to guard against hallucination, I can now only briefly and vaguely enforce one important principle — namely, the closest, most exact, and sincere converse with nature, physical and human. Habitual contact with realities in thought and deed is a strong defence against illusions of all sorts. We must strive to make our observation of men and things so exact and true, must so inform our minds with true perceptions, that there shall be no room for false perceptions. Calling to mind what has been said concerning the nature of perception — how the most complete and accurate perception of an object is gained by bringing it into all its possible relations with our different senses, and so receiving into the idea of it all the impressions which it was fitted to produce upon them — it will appear plainly how necessary to true perception, and to sound thought, which is founded on true perception, and to wise conduct, which is founded on sound thought, are thoroughness and sincerity of observation. So to observe nature as to learn her laws and to obey them, is to observe the commandments of the Lord to do them. Speculative meditations and solitary broodings are the fruitful nurse of delusions and illusions. By faithfully intending the mind to the realities of nature, as Bacon has it, and by living and working among men in a healthy, sympathetic way, exaggeration of a particular line of thought or feeling is prevented, and the balance of the faculties best preserved. Notably the best rules for the conduct of life are the fruits of the best observations of men and things; the achievements of science are no more than

the organized gains — orderly and methodically arranged — of an exact and systematic observation of the various departments of nature; the noblest products of the arts are nature ennobled through human means, the art itself being nature. There are not two worlds — a world of nature and a world of human nature — standing over against one another in a sort of antagonism, but one world of nature, in the orderly evolution of which human nature has its subordinate part. Delusions and hallucinations may be described as discordant notes in the grand harmony. It should, then, be every man's steadfast aim, as a part of nature, his patient work, to cultivate such entire sincerity of relations with it; so to think, feel, and act always in intimate unison with it; to be so completely one with it in life, that when the summons comes to surrender his mortal part to absorption into it, he does so, not fearfully, as to an enemy who has vanquished him, but trustfully, as to a mother who, when the day's task is done, bids him lie down to sleep.

HENRY MAUDSLEY.

WITHIN THE PRECINCTS.

BY MRS. OLIPHANT.

CHAPTER XXX.

LOTTIE'S FATE.

LOTTIE went up the Dean's Walk hastily, feeling as if she had taken flight. And she was taking flight. She could not bear to meet the people coming from the Abbey, among whom, no doubt, her father and his wife would be. Lottie was scarcely aware that there was anything else in her mind. She hurried to the slopes as the natural refuge of her trouble. The wind blowing fresh in her face, the great sweep of distance, the air and the clouds, the familiar rustle of the trees, seemed to have become part of her, a necessity of her living. And the slopes were almost deserted now. In October the night comes early, the afternoon is short, even before the winds become chill; already it was darkening, though the afternoon service was but newly over. The trees were beginning to lose their gorgeous apparel; every breeze shook down hosts of leaves, shreds of russet brown and pale gold; the wind was wistful and mournful, with a sigh in it that promised rain. Lottie saw nobody about. She stole through the trees to her favorite

corner, and leaned upon the low parapet, looking over the familiar scene. She was so familiar with it, every line; and yet it seemed to her to-night like scenery in a theatre which by-and-by would collapse and split asunder, and give place to something different. It would vanish from her sight, and in place of it there would appear the dim background of one of the little rooms at home, with a figure in a blue gown relieved against it, tossing about a mountain of braids and plaits. Lottie did not feel sure that this figure would not appear at her very side, lay an imperative hand on her shoulder, and order her to give up the secrets of her own being. Thus she carried her care within her. She stood leaning over the parapet, with the trees rustling around, scarcely aware what she was thinking of. Did she expect any one? She would have said no. The night was overcast and growing dismal, why should she expect any one? What reason could he have for coming out here? He could have no instinctive knowledge of her misery to bring him, and he had no longer that excuse of his cigar after dinner as on the happy nights when the air was still like summer. No! it was only for the stillness, only for the air, only to fling her troublesome thoughts out to the horizon and empty her mind, and thus feel it possible to begin again, that she had come. And never had that stillness been so still before. By-and-by this scene would melt away, and it would be the little dining-room in the lodge, with the white tablecloth and the lamp lighted upon it. She had been weary of her home, she had half despised it; but never had she been disgusted, afraid of it, never loathed the thought of going back to it before. And she could not talk to anybody about this; they were all very kind, ready to be sorry for her, to do anything they could for her, but she could not bear their sympathy to-night.

All at once, in the silence which was so full of the whisper of the leaves and the sighs of the wind that she had not heard any footstep, there came a voice close to her elbow which made Lottie start.

"Is it really you, Miss Despard? I had almost given up hopes; and alone! I thought you were never to be alone again," said Rollo, with pleasure in his voice.

How it startled her! She looked round upon him with so much fright in her eyes that he was half vexed, half angered. Was it possible that Lottie after all was just like the rest, pretending to be aston-

ished by his appearance when she knew as well —

"You surely are not surprised to see me?" he said, with a short laugh.

"I did not think of seeing you," she said quietly, and looked away from him again.

Rollo was angry, yet he was touched by something in her tone; and there must be something to cause this sudden change. She had always been so frank and simple in her welcome of him, always with a light of pleasure on her face when he came in sight; but she would not so much as let him see her face now. She looked round with that first start, then turned again and resumed her dreary gaze into the night. And there was dejection in every line of her figure as she stood dimly outlined against the waning light. Suddenly there came into Rollo's mind a recollection that he had heard something to account for this, without accusing her of petty pretence or affectation.

"Something has happened," he said, with a sense of relief which surprised himself. "I remember now. I fear you are not happy about it."

"No," she said with a sigh. Then Lottie made a little effort to recover herself; perhaps he would not care about her troubles. "It has been a great shock," she said, "but perhaps it may not be so bad after a while."

"Tell me," said Rollo; "you know how much interest I take in everything that concerns you. Surely, Miss Despard, after this long time that we have been seeing each other, you know that? Won't you tell me? I cannot bear to see you so sad, so unlike yourself."

"Perhaps that is the best thing that could happen," said Lottie, "that I should be unlike myself. I wish I could be like some one with more sense; I have been so foolish! Everybody knows that we are poor; I never concealed it, but I never thought — Oh! how silly we have been, Law and I. I used to scold him, but I never saw that I was just the same myself. We ought to have learned to do something, if it were only a trade. We are both young and strong, but we are good for nothing, not able to do anything. I used to scold him: but I never thought that I was just as bad myself."

"Don't say so, don't say so! You were quite right to scold him; men ought to work. But *you*," cried Rollo, with real agitation, "it is not to be thought of. You! don't speak of such a thing. What is the world coming to when you talk of working, while such a fellow as I —"

"Ah! that is quite different," said Lottie. "You are rich, or at least you are the same as if you were rich; but we are really poor, we have no money; and everything we have, it is papa's. I suppose he has a right to do whatever he likes with it; it seems strange, but I suppose he has a right. And then, what is to become of us? How could I be so silly as not to think of that before? It is all my own fault; don't think I am finding fault with papa, Mr. Ridsdale. I suppose he has a right, and I don't want to grumble; it only — seems natural — to tell you." Lottie did not know what an admission she was making. She sighed again into that soft distant horizon, then turned to him with a smile trembling about her lips. It was a relief to tell him; she could speak to him as she could not speak to Captain Temple or Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, though she had known them so much longer. "Perhaps I am only out of temper," she said. She could not but feel more light of heart standing beside him with nobody near; they seemed to belong to each other so.

"How good, how sweet of you to say so," he cried! "Then treat me as if it were natural; come and sit down, nobody will interrupt us; and tell me everything I want to know."

They had met together in Lottie's little drawing-room before, in the eye of day, and three or four times under Lady Caroline's eye; but never before like this in the twilight, all alone in the world as it were, two of them and no more. Lottie hesitated for a moment; but what could be wrong in it? There was nobody to disturb them, and her heart was so full; and to talk to him was so pleasant. She seemed able to say more to him than to any other. He understood her at half a word, whereas to the others she had to say everything, to say even more than she meant before they saw what she meant. She sat down accordingly in the corner of the seat and told him all that happened; herself beginning to see some humor in it as she told the story, half laughing one moment, half crying the next. And Rollo went into it with all his heart. All their meetings had produced their natural effect; for the last fortnight he had felt that he ought to go away, but he had not gone away. He could not deprive himself of her, of their intercourse, which was nothing yet implied so much, those broken conversations, and the language of looks that said so much more than words. Never, perhaps, had his intercourse with any girl been so simple yet so unrestrained.

If the old captain sometimes looked at him with suspicion, he was the only one who did so; and Lottie had neither suspicion nor doubt of him, nor had any question as to his "intentions" arisen in her mind. She told him her grief now, not dully, with the heavy depression that cannot be moved, but with gleams of courage, of resolution, even of fun, unable to resist the temptation of Polly's absurdity, seeing it now as she had not been able to see it before. "I never knew before," she said fervently, "what a comfort it was to talk things over—but then, who could I talk them over with? Law, who thinks it best not to think, never to mind—but sometimes one is obliged to mind; or Mrs. O'Shaughnessy, whom I cannot say everything to, or—Mr. Ridsdale!" said Lottie, in alarm, "pray, pray forgive me if I have bored you. I have been pouring out everything to you. I never thought—I did not intend—"

"Don't tell me that," he said. "I hoped you did intend to confide in me, to trust to my sympathy. Who can be so much interested? to whom can it be so important—" He leaned forward closer to her, and Lottie instinctively drew away from him a hairsbreadth; but she thought that quite natural too, as natural as that she should be able to speak to him better than to any one else. They had both made the whole avowal of their hearts in saying these words; but it had not been done in words which frightened either or changed their position towards each other. Meanwhile she was content enough, quieted by the sense of leaning her trouble upon him, while he was gradually growing into agitation. Lottie had got all her emergency required—his sympathy, his support, the understanding that was so dear to her. After all her trouble she had a moment of ease; her heart was no longer sore, but soothed with the balm of his tender pity and indignation.

But that which calmed Lottie threw Rollo into ever-increasing agitation. A man who has said so much as that to a girl, especially to one who is in difficulty and trouble, is bound even to himself to say more. The crisis began for him where for her it momentarily ended. To love her and as good as tell her so, to receive, thus ingenuously given, that confession of instinctive reliance upon him which was as good as a betrayal of her love; and to let her go and say nothing more—could a man do that and yet be a man? Rollo was not a man who had done right all the days of his life. He had been in very strange

company, and had gone through many an adventure; but he was a man whom vice had never done more than touch. Even among people of bad morals he had not known how to abandon the instincts of honor; and in such an emergency what was he to do? Words came thronging to his lips, but his mind was distracted with his own helplessness. What had he to offer? how could he marry? he asked himself with a kind of despair. Yet something must be thought of, something suggested. "Lottie," he said after that strange pause—"Lottie—I cannot call you Miss Despard any more, as if I were a stranger. Lottie, you know very well that I love you. I am as poor as you are, but I cannot bear this. You must trust to me for everything—you must—Lottie, you are not afraid to trust yourself to me—you don't doubt me?" he cried. His mind was driven wildly from one side to another. Marry! how could he marry in his circumstances? Was it possible that there was anything else that would answer the purpose, any compromise? His heart beat wildly with love and ardor and shame. What would she say? Would she understand him, though he could not understand himself?

"Mr. Ridsdale!" cried Lottie, shrinking back from him a little. She covered her face with her hands and began to cry, being overcome with so many emotions, one heaped on another. At another moment she would not have been surprised; she would have been able to lift her eyes to the glow of the full happiness which, in half-light, had been for weeks past the illumination of her life. But for the moment it dazzled her. She put up her hands between her and that ecstasy of light.

As for Rollo, very different were the thoughts in his mind. He thought Lottie as wise as himself: he thought she had investigated his words; had not found in them the one that is surety for all, and shrank from him. Shame overwhelmed him: the agony of a mind which was really honest and a heart which was full of tenderness, yet found themselves on the verge of dishonor. "Lottie!" he cried with anguish in his voice, "you do not understand me—you will not listen to me. Do not shrink as if I meant any harm."

Then she uncovered her face, and he saw dimly through the twilight a countenance all trembling with emotion and happiness and astonishment. "Harm!" she said, with wonder in her voice—"harm!" His heart seemed to stand

still, and all his confused thinkings broken off in the unspeakable contrast between the simplicity of her innocence thinking no evil, and the mere knowledge in his mind which, if nothing more, made guilt possible. Such a contrast shamed and horrified, and filled with an adoration of penitence, the man who might have drawn her into evil, ambiguously, had it been possible. He found himself with one knee on the cold gravel, before he knew, pressing his suit upon her with passion. "Lottie, you must marry me, you must be my wife, you must let me be the one to work, to take care of you, to protect you from all trouble," he cried. But what did Lottie want with those more definite words which he had thought she missed and waited for? Had she not known his secret long ago before he ever spoke a word to her? Had she not been led delicately, tenderly, step by step, through infinite dreams and visions, towards this climax? She cried with happiness and trouble, and the sense of deliverance.

"Oh, why should you kneel to me?" she said. "Do you think it needs *that*?" While he, more happy than ever he had been in his life, alarmed, disturbed, shaken out of all his habits and traditions, held her fast, like a new-found treasure, and lavished every tender word upon her that language could supply. He owed her a million apologies, of not one of which Lottie was conscious. How could it have been possible for her to suppose, that even for a second, in his inmost thoughts, he had been less than reverent of her? And he—had he meant any harm? He did not think he had meant any harm; yet how, in the name of heaven, was he to marry—how was he to marry—in his present circumstances? While he was pouring out upon Lottie his love and worship, telling her how she had gathered to herself day by day all his thoughts and wishes, this question rose up again in his heart.

"I know," said Lottie, very low—her voice still trembling with the first ecstasy of feeling. It was like the dove's voice, all tenderness and pathos, coming out of her very heart. "I guessed it long—oh, long ago—"

"How did you do that? Whisper, darling—tell me—when did you first think—"

Is not this the ABC of lovers? and yet her tone implied a little more than the happy divining of the easy secret. She laughed softly—a variety of music in his ear—the two faces were so close.

"You did not think I knew anything about it. I saw you—looking up at my window—the very night of the wedding. Do you remember?" Again Lottie's low, happy laugh broke into the middle of her words. "I could not think what it meant. And then another time before I knew you—and then— You did not suppose I saw you. I could not believe it," she said, with a soft sigh of content. Laugh or sigh, what did it matter, they meant the same: the delight of a discovery which was no discovery—the happy right of confessing a consciousness which she dared not have betrayed an hour ago—of being able to speak of it all: the two together, alone in all the world, wanting nothing and no one. This was what Lottie meant. But her disclosures struck her lover dumb. What would she say if she knew his real object then? A *prima donna* who was to make his fortune—a new voice to be produced in an opera! He shuddered as he drew her closer to him, with terror—with compunction, though he had meant no harm. And he loved her now if he did not love her then—with all his heart now—all the more tenderly, he thought, that she had mistaken him, that she had been so innocently deceived.

By this time it had got dark, though they did not observe it; yet not quite dark, for it is rarely dark out of doors under the free skies, as it is within four walls. It was Lottie who suddenly awoke to this fact with a start.

"It must be late—I must go home," she said. And when she looked about among the ghostly trees which waved and bent overhead, sombre and colorless in the dark—she thought, with a thrill of horror, that hours must have passed since she came here. Rollo too was slightly alarmed. They were neither of them in a condition to measure time; and though so much had happened, it had flown like a moment. They came out from among the trees in the happy gloom, arm-in-arm. Nobody could recognize them; so dark as it was—and indeed nobody was in the way to recognize them—and the Abbey clock struck as they emerged upon the Dean's Walk, reassuring them. Rollo was still in time for dinner, though Lottie might be too late for tea; and the relief of discovering that it was not so late as they thought gave them an excuse for lingering. He walked to the lodges with her, and then she turned back with him; and finally they strayed round the Abbey in the darkness, hidden by it, yet not so entirely hidden as they thought. Only one little jar

came to the perfect blessedness of this progress homeward.

"Shall you tell them?" Lottie whispered, just before she took leave of her lover, with a movement of her hand towards the Deanery.

This gave Rollo a *serrement du cœur*. He replied hastily, "Not to-night," with something like a shiver, and then he added, "Where shall I see you to-morrow?"

This question struck Lottie with the same shock and jar of feeling. Would not he come and claim her to-morrow? This was what she had thought. She did not know what to reply, and a sudden sensation of undefined trouble — of evil not yet so entirely over, as she hoped, came into her mind; but he added, before she could speak, —

"In the old place — that blessed corner which I love better than any other in the world. Will you come while everybody is at the Abbey, Lottie? for we must talk over everything."

This melted the little momentary vexation away, and she promised. And thus they parted perforce — opposite Captain Despard's door. How glad Lottie was that the door was open! It stood open all through the summer, and the habits of the summer were scarcely over. By the light in the dining-room down-stairs and the sound of the voices she divined that tea was not yet over. But she was not able to encounter Mrs. Despard to-night. She did not want to see any one. Her heart was still so full of delicious tumult, her eyes of sweet tears. She had gone out so sorrowful, so indignant, not knowing what was to become of her. And now she knew what was to become of her — the most beautiful, happy fate. He had said he was poor. What did it matter if he was poor? Was she not used to that? Lottie knew, and said to herself with secret joy, that she was the right wife for a poor man. He might have got the noblest of brides, and she would not have been so fit for him; but *she* was fit for that post if ever a young woman was. She would take care of the little he had which one might be sure he would never do himself — he was too generous, too kind for that; Lottie loved him for his prodigality, even while she determined to control it. She would take care of him and do everything for him, as no woman used to wealth could do. And she would spur him on so that he should do great things — things which he had not done

heretofore, only because he had not stimulus enough. He should have stimulus enough now, with a wife who would exult in all he did, and support him with sympathy and help. It was not any passive position that she mapped out for herself. She knew what it meant to be poor, far better than Rollo did. And she did not mind it. Why should she mind it? She had been used to it all her life. She would not care what she did. But he should never have to blush for his wife as a drudge. She would never forget her position, and his position, which was so much greater than hers. This was the first time that Lottie thought of his position. She did so now with a heightening of color, and louder throb of her heart. By this time she was sitting in her own room without even a candle, glad of the seclusion and of the darkness in which she could think, unbetrayed even to herself. Her heart gave a bound, and a flush came to her cheek. There could be no doubt now about her position. No one could dream, no one could think that Rollo's wife was ever to be looked down upon. This gave her a distinct thrill of pleasure; and then she passed it by, to return to a dearer subject — himself! how anxious he had been! as if it were possible she could have resisted his love. He had wooed her, she thought, as if she had been a princess — doubling Lottie's happiness by doing in this respect the thing she felt to be most right and fit, though, oh! so unnecessary in respect to herself! Could he really have any doubt how it would turn out? The thought of this humility in her hero brought tears of love and happiness to Lottie's eyes. Was she the same girl who had sat here in gloom and darkness only last night, wondering what was to become of her? But how was she to know how soon fate would unfold like a flower, and show her what was in store for her? How happy she was — how good, how thankful to God — how charitable to others! She could have gone down-stairs and said something kind even to Polly, had it not been for fear of betraying herself. Everything that was tender and sweet blossomed out in her heart. She was so happy. Is not that the moment in which the heart is most pure, most kind, most humble and tender? God's hand seemed to be touching her, blessing her — and she in her turn was ready to bless all the world.

From Fraser's Magazine.
HOLIDAYS IN EASTERN FRANCE.

II.

LE DOUBS.

FEW travellers in eastern France turn off the great Mulhouse line of railway to visit the ancient city of Provins. Yet none with a real love of the picturesque can afford to pass it by. Airily, nay, coquettishly perched on its smiling green eminence, and still possessed of an antique stateliness in striking contrast with the busy little twin town that has sprung up at its feet, Provins captivates the beholder by virtue alike of its uniqueness and its charm. I can think of nothing in my various travels at all like the little Acropolis of Brie and Champagne, whether seen at a distance on the railway or from the ramparts that encircle it as in the olden time. It is indeed a gem; miniature Athens of a mediæval principedom that, although on a small scale, boasted of great power and splendor; tiny Granada of these eastern provinces, bearing ample evidence of past glories!

You quit the main line at Longueville, and in a quarter of an hour come upon a vast panorama crowned by the towers and dome of the still proud, defiant-looking little city of Provins, according to some writers the Agendicum of Cæsar's "Commentaries;" according to others, more ancient still. It is mentioned in the capitularies of Charlemagne, and in the Middle Ages was the important and flourishing capital of Basse-Brie and residence of the counts of Champagne. Under Thibault VI., called the Chansonnier, Provins reached its acme of prosperity, numbering at that epoch eighty thousand inhabitants. Like most other towns in these regions, it suffered greatly in the Hundred Years' War, being taken by the English in 1432 and retaken from them the following year. It took part in the League, but submitted to Henry IV. in 1590; and from that time gradually declined, at present numbering about seven thousand inhabitants only.

Thus much for its history, which has been chronicled in full by two gifted citizens of modern times, Bourquelot and Opoix: and their works may be consulted in the town library among others on the same subject. We need not, however, go to books and documents for evidence of the past greatness of Provins. The ancient part of it—called the *Ville Haute*, in distinction from the modern, called the *Ville Basse*—is an open book that all who run may read.

It is difficult to give any idea of this little citadel, so imposingly commanding the wide valleys and winding rivers at its feet. We climb for a quarter of an hour to find all the remarkable monuments of Provins within a stone's throw; the college, formerly palace of the counts of Champagne, the imposing *Tour de Cæsar*, the Basilica of St. Quiriace with its cupola, the famous *Grange aux Dîmes*, the ancient fountain, lastly, the ruined city gates and walls. All these are close together, but conspicuously towering over the rest are the dome of St. Quiriace and the picturesque, many-pinnacled stronghold, vulgarly known as Cæsar's Tower. These two crown not only the ruins, but the entire landscape for miles round, with magnificent effect. The tower itself, in reality having nothing to do with its popular name whatever, but the stronghold of the place built by one of the counts of Champagne, is a picturesque object, with its graceful little pinnacles connected by flying buttresses at each corner and pointed tower surmounting all, from which now waves proudly the tricolor flag of the French republic. A deaf and dumb girl leads visitors through a little flower-garden into the interior, and takes them up the winding stone staircase to seek the cells in which Louis d'Outremer and others are said to have been confined. For my own part I prefer neither to go to the top nor bottom of things, feeling no temptation to climb the Pyramids or to dive down into the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky. It is much more agreeable and much less fatiguing to view everything from the level, and this fine old structure called Cæsar's Tower is no exception to the rule. Nothing can be more picturesque than its appearance from the broken ground around, above and below, and no less imposing is the quaint, straggling, indescribable old church of St. Quiriace close by, now a mere patchwork of different epochs, but in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries one of the most remarkable religious monuments in Brie and Champagne. Here was baptized Thibault VI., the song-maker, the lover of art, the patron of letters, and the importer into Europe of the famous Provence rose! Of Thibault's poetic creations an old chronicler wrote, "*C'étaient les plus belles chansons, les plus délectables et mélodieuses, qui oncques fussent ouïses en chansons ne instruments, et il les fit écrire en la salle de Provins et en celle de Troyes.*" Close to the ancient church is the former palace of Thibault, a *collège communale* for classic and secondary instruction. Unfortunately the

director had gone off for his holidays, taking the keys with him, so that we could not see the interior and the chapel. It is superbly situated, commanding from the terrace a wide view of surrounding country. Perhaps, however, the most curious relics of ancient Provins are the vast and handsome subterranean chambers and passages which are not only found in the *Grange aux Dîmes* (literally Tithe Barn), but also under many private dwellings of ancient date.

Those who love to penetrate into the bowels of the earth may visit cave after cave and chamber after chamber in all directions; some of these were of course used for the storage and introduction of supplies in times of war and siege, others have been variously explained. They may have served as crypts for purposes of religious ceremony, also as harbors of refuge for priests and monks, lastly, as workshops. Provins may therefore be called not only a town but a triple city, consisting first of the old, secondly the subterranean, thirdly, the new. Captivating from an artistic and antiquarian point of view as are the two first, all lovers of progress — and the French republic — will not fail to give some time to the last, not omitting on any account the lovely walk on the ramparts before quitting the region of romance for plain matter-of-fact.

A poetic halo still lingers round the rude times of troubadour and knight, but fortunately no such contrast can now be found — at least in France — as then existed between court and people, lord and vassal. The princelings of Brie and Champagne who lived so jollily and regally in the capital of Provins knew how to grind down the people to the uttermost, and levied toll and tax upon every imaginable pretext. The Jew had to pay them for his heresy, the assassin for his crime, the peasant for his produce, the artisan for his right to pursue a handicraft. Now all is good feeling, peace, and prosperity in the modern town, where alike are absent signs of great wealth or great poverty. As yet I am still in a region without a beggar!

Provins affords an excellent example of that spirit of decentralization so usual in France, and unhappily so rare among ourselves. Here in a country town numbering between seven and eight thousand inhabitants only, we find all the resources of a capital on a small scale: public library, museum, theatre, learned societies.*

* On a former occasion I gave offence to many readers by insisting on the superiority of French over

The library contains some curious MSS. and valuable books. The theatre was built by one of the richest and most generous citizens of Provins, M. Garnier, who may be said to have consecrated his ample fortune to the embellishment and advancement of his native town. Space does not permit of an enumeration of the various acts of beneficence by which he has won the lasting gratitude of his fellow-townsmen; and on his death the charming villa he now inhabits, with its gardens, library, art and scientific collections, are to become the property of the town. The Rue Victor Garnier has been appropriately named after this public-spirited gentleman.

There are relics of antiquity to be found in this modern town also, nor have I given anything like a complete account of what is to be found in the old. No one who takes the trouble to diverge from the beaten track in order to visit this interesting little city — Weimar of the troubadours — will be disappointed. I may add, by the way, that the *Hôtel de la Boule d'Or*, though homely, is comfortable, and that in this out-of-the-way corner the English traveller may even partake of the *bière de Bass*.

Prom Provins to Troyes is a three hours' journey by rail, and at Troyes, no matter how impatient the tourist may be to breathe the air of the mountains, he must stop a while. Here there is so much to see in the way of antiquities, that several days might be spent profitably and pleasantly, but for the hotels, of which I have little favorable to say. "Dear and dirty" is the verdict I must pass on the one recommended to me as the best. The fastidious traveller will do well therefore so to arrange his journey as to reach Troyes at early morning and start off again at night, though of course such an arrangement will only allow of a hasty glimpse of the various treasures offered to him. Take the churches, for instance. Besides the cathedral, there are six old churches, each of which has some especial interest, and all deserve to be seen in detail. Then there are picturesque mediæval houses, one of the finest libraries in France, a museum, picture-gallery, etc.

The town itself is cheerful, with decorative bits of window-gardening, hanging

English country towns in this respect. It was urged that under the new Public Libraries Act all our own towns can have a free library if they choose. This I do not deny, but the facts remain as I originally stated them, namely, that in the smallest provincial towns in France you find good free libraries, museums, etc., and in England you do not find them. Instances in point will be adduced farther on.

dormers, abundance of flowers growing everywhere, and much life animating both its old and new quarters. The cathedral, which rises grandly from the monotonous fields of Champagne, just as Ely towers above the flat eastern plains, is also seen to great advantage from the quays, though, when approached nearly, you find it hemmed in with narrow streets. Its noble tower, surmounted by airy pinnacles, and its splendid façade delight and satisfy the eye no less than the interior, gem of purest architecture, blazing from end to end with rich old stained glass! No light here penetrates through the medium of common glass, and the effect is magical; the superb rose and lancet windows, not dazzling, rather captivating the vision with the hues of the rainbow, being made up, as it seems, with no meaner materials than sapphire, emerald, ruby, topaz, amethyst, all these in richest, unimaginable profusion; other interiors are more magnificent in architectural display, none are lovelier than this, and there is nothing to mar the general harmony, no gliding or artificial flowers, no ecclesiastical trumpery, no meretricious decoration. We find here the glorious art of painting on glass in its perfection, and some of the finest in the cathedral, as well as in other churches here, are the work of a celebrated Troyen, Linard Gonthier.

A sacristan is always at hand to exhibit the treasury, worth some millions of francs, and which is to be commended by all lovers of jewels and old lace. The latter, richest old guipure, cannot be inspected by an amateur without pangs. Such treasures as these, if not appropriated to their proper use, namely, dress and decoration, should at least be exhibited in the Louvre or Troyes museum, where they might be seen and studied by the artistic. There are dozens of yards of this matchless guipure here, but of course few people ever see it. As I turned from one treasure to another, gold and silver ecclesiastical ornaments, ivory coffers, enamels, cameos, diamonds, rubies, topazes, and other jewels, embroideries, reliquaries, tapestries, I was reminded of a passage in Victor Hugo's last poem, "*Le Pape*." The pope therein makes appeals to the cardinals and bishops assembled around him, urging them in passionate language to sell their jewels and fine clothes, and give the product to the poor—a piece of advice we may be sure will never be taken. The sacristan exhibited a tooth of St. Peter and skulls of two saints, but these are treasures we can look on without envy.

This little museum—as indeed the treasury may be called—showed at the Paris exhibition of 1867 one of its richest objects, the reliquary of St. Bernard, and St. Malachi, a *chef-d'œuvre* of the twelfth century, but as some of the jewels were stolen upon that occasion, nothing this year very naturally found its way from Troyes cathedral to Paris. Close to the cathedral are the town library, museum, and picture-gallery, the two first well worth careful inspection. The famous library has largely contributed to the historic galleries of the Trocadéro, but nevertheless many exquisite specimen of its binding, printing, and illuminating remain, whilst the windows are adorned with most curious and beautiful old glass paintings, from the hand of the gifted Linard Gonthier before mentioned. It is hardly necessary to say that strangers are admitted to all the privileges of the reading-room without any form whatever. The library contains a hundred and some odd thousand volumes, besides between two and three thousand rare MSS. The present population of Troyes is forty thousand, and I am not aware of any such town in England so well off in the matter of books. The museum is divided into several sections, and, though of recent date, possesses some interesting and valuable collections. Near the library and museum is the most beautiful old church in Troyes, St. Urbain, but as it is unfortunately in the hands of the restorer, we can see nothing of the interior, and the splendid Gothic façade is partly hidden by scaffolding. The traveller may next proceed on a voyage of discovery, coming upon the picturesque Hôtel de Ville, quaint relics of mediæval architecture here and there, and half-a-dozen old churches, all noteworthy from some point of view.

It is impossible to do more than suggest the rewards that await such an explorer. Troyes, like Angers and Poitiers, abounds in architectural treasures and historic souvenirs, and all three cities cannot be visited too soon. Restoration and renovation are here, as elsewhere, the order of the day, and every year takes something from their character and charm. Two objects particularly striking amongst so many shall be mentioned only, as no mere description can convey any idea of the whole. The first is the entrance hall of the Hôtel Vauluisant, two features of which should be photographed for the benefit of art schools and art decorators generally. These are a magnificent oak ceiling and a Renaissance chimneypiece in carved wood. no

less magnificent. The solidity, richness of design, and workmanship of both ceiling and mantelpiece affords an invaluable lesson to artists, whilst beholders cannot examine them without a feeling of sadness. How little we have in modern art furniture and decoration to be compared to such achievements! Not far from the Hôtel Vauluisant is St. Madelaine, the most ancient church in Troyes, originally Gothic, but now, what with dilapidations and restorations, a curious medley of various styles. To its architecture however, the traveller will pay little heed, his whole attention being at once transferred to the famous *jube* or altar screen — or what passes by that name. Rather let us call it a curtain of lace cut out in marble, a screen of transparent ivory, a light stactite roof of some fairy grotto!

On entering you see nothing but this airy piece of work — one of the daintiest, richest creations of the period — the achievement of Juan Gualde in the sixteenth century. The proportions of the interior seem to diminish, and we cannot help fancying that the church was built for the *jube* rather than the *jube* for the church, so dwarfed is the latter by comparison. The centre aisle is indeed bridged over by this piece of stone-carving, so exquisite in design, so graceful in detail, so airy and fanciful, that we are with difficulty brought to realize its size and solidity. This unique altar screen measures over six yards in depth, is proportionately long, and is quite symmetrical in every part; yet it looks as if a breath was only needed to disperse those delicate galleries, hanging arcades, and tiny vaults. Gorgeous painted windows form the background, jewels flashing through a veil of guipure!

Lovers of choice old stained glass must visit St. Nizier and other churches here; all, moreover, possess some peculiar interest, either within or without. Much more might be said on this subject, but these slight indications will give some little idea of what is to be found at Troyes in the way of artistic and archæological interest. Troyes is the birthplace of many noted artists, among whom Mignard, the painter; Girardon, sculptor — whose monument to Richelieu in the Church of the Sorbonne will not fail to be visited by English travellers — of the famous painter in glass, Linard Gonthier, and many more.

Among minor accomplishments of the Troyen of to-day, it may be mentioned that nowhere throughout all France — land *par excellence* of good washing and clear-

starching — is linen got up in such perfection as at Troyes. The *blanchisserie Troyenne* is an art unhappily unknown in England. It is curious that, much as cleanliness is thought of among ourselves, we are content to wear linen execrably washed and ironed. Clean linen in England means one thing, in France another; and no French servant-maid or waiter would wear the half-washed, half-ironed linen we aristocratic insulars wear so complacently. Here, indeed, is a field for female enterprise.

From Troyes to Belfort is a journey best made by night mail express, as there is little to see on the way; nor need Belfort — famous for its heroic defence under Danfort, and its rescue from Prussian grasp by the no less heroic pleadings of Thiers — detain the traveller. It is pleasant to find here as at Troyes, a "Rue Thiers," and to see Thiers' portrait in every window. If there is one memory universally adored and respected, it is that of the *petit bourgeois*. No one who gets a glimpse of Belfort with its double ramparts and commanding position, will wonder at Thiers' pertinacity on the one hand, and Bismarck's reluctance on the other. Fortunately the *petit bourgeois* gained his point, and the preservation of Belfort to France was the one drop of comfort in that sea of misery.

Half-an-hour's railway journey brings me to the quaint little town of Montbéliard, where friends' friends welcome me, and I feel in half an hour as much at home as if I had known it all my life. As Montbéliard is a good starting-point for excursionizing in the Doubs, my friends procured a little lodging — rather, I should say, a magnificent *appartement* — for me in a private house, and I settle down for a week or two. My rooms are quite charming, and for well-furnished, spacious sitting-room and bedroom, equally commodious and airy, I pay one franc a day, and other expenses are proportionately low. Yet it must not be supposed that Montbéliard is wanting in refinement, even elegances, and that high prices are not gradually finding their way here as elsewhere. The fact is, and it is a noteworthy one, the character of the Montbéliardais is essentially amiable, accommodating, and disinterested; and it never enters into people's heads to ask more for their wares simply because they could get it, or to make capital out of strangers. A franc a day is what is paid in these parts by lodgers, chiefly officers, and no more would be asked of the wealthiest or unwariest trav-

eller. You find the same spirit animating all classes, tradesmen, carriage-proprietors, hotel-keepers, and doubtless it is to be traced to several causes. In the first place Montbéliard is in one of the most enlightened, best educated, and most Protestant departments of all France. Le Doubs, part of the ancient Franche-Comté, is so Protestant, indeed, that in some towns and villages the Catholics are considerably in the minority. So late as the French Revolution the *comté* of this name belonged to Wurtemberg, having passed over to the house of Wurtemberg by marriage in the fourteenth century. In 1792, however, it became amalgamated with the French kingdom, and fortunately escaped annexation in the last Franco-German war. Protestantism early took hold here, the Lutheran and Anabaptist doctrines especially; and in the present day Montbéliard numbers many Protestant, and only one Catholic church; the former belonging severally to the Reformed Church, the Lutheran, Anabaptist persuasions, and also two or three so-called *oratories*, in other words, little Dissenting chapels, built and endowed by private founders. We find here the tables strangely turned, and the unique and agreeable spectacle in France of four Protestant pastors to one Catholic priest! It may be imagined that to be curé of Montbéliard is not regarded as an enviable position, although the proportion of Catholics is much larger than in former days, owing to the increase of the rich mercantile class. At one time the Protestant body here numbered two-thirds of the entire inhabitants, now about half belong to the Catholic Church; but a spirit of liberalism pervades all. This strong Protestant element and the long filtration of German manners and customs have doubtless greatly modified the character of the inhabitants, who, whether Protestants or Catholics, live side by side in perfect harmony. We see indeed a toleration absolutely unknown in some parts of France, and an amount of generally diffused education equally wanting where Catholicism is dominant. Brittany and Le Doubs, for instance, offer the most striking contrast it is possible to conceive. In the first we find the priests absolute, and consequently superstition, ignorance, dirt, and prejudice the order of the day; in the last, we have, not priestly rule but a Protestant spirit of inquiry and progress, and consequently, instruction making vast strides on every side, freedom from bigotry, freedom alike from degrading spiritual bondage and fanaticism. In the highly

instructive map published by the French minister of instruction, Franche-Comté is marked white, and Brittany black, thus denoting the antipodes of intellectual enlightenment and darkness to be found in the two countries. Here indeed we find ourselves in a wholly different world, so utterly has a spirit of inquiry revolutionized eastern France, so long has her western province been held in the grip of the priests. Furthermore, we have evidence of the zeal animating all classes with respect to education on every side, whilst it is quite delightful to converse with a Montbéliardais, no matter to which he belongs, so unprejudiced, instructed, and liberal-minded are these citizens of a town neither particularly important, flourishing, nor fortunate. For nine months Montbéliard had to support the presence of the enemy, and though the German soldiery behaved very well here, the amiable, lively little town was almost ruined. It is no less patriotic than enlightened, republican ideas being as firmly implanted here as anywhere in France. You see portraits of M. Thiers and Gambetta everywhere, and only good Republican journals on the booksellers' stalls. It would be interesting to know how many copies of the half-penny issue of *La République Française* are sold here daily; and whereas in certain parts of France, the woman read nothing except the *Semaine Religieuse* and the *Petit Journal*, here they read the high-class newspapers, reviews, and are conversant with what is going on in the political and literary world at home and abroad. Indeed, the contrast is amazing between female education so-called in ultra-Catholic and ultra-Protestant France. In Brittany, where the young ladies are educated by the nuns, you never see or hear of a book. The very name of literature is a dead letter, and the upper classes are no better instructed than the lower. In Franche-Comté girls of all ranks are well educated; young ladies of fortune going in for their *brevet*, or certificate, as well as those who have their bread to win. They are often familiar with the German and English languages, and, above all, are thoroughly conversant with their own literature, as well as bookkeeping, arithmetic, French history, elementary science, etc. I find young ladies of Montbéliard as familiar with the works of Currer Bell and Mrs. Gaskell as among ourselves. Miss Yonge is also a favorite; and unlike a large class of novel-readers in England, standard works are not neglected by them for fiction. No matter at what time you enter

the public library here, you are sure to find ladies of all ages, coming to change their books; the contents of this library, be it remembered, consisting chiefly of French classics. This little town of eight thousand inhabitants possesses an intellectual atmosphere in which it is possible to breathe.

The mingled homeliness, diffusion of intelligence, and æsthetic culture seen here, remind me of certain little German cities and towns. People living on very modest means find money for books, whereas in certain parts of France no such expenditure is ever thought of, whilst dress and outward show are ever considered first. Naturally this diffusion of culture raises the tone of conversation and society generally, and its influence is seen in various ways. Music is cultivated assiduously, not only by women of the better ranks, but by both sexes, especially among the work-people. The musical society of Montbéliard furnished a very respectable orchestra indeed, and is composed of amateurs, mostly young men, recruited from the working as well as middle classes. The society gives open-air concerts on Sunday afternoons and one evening in the week, to the great delectation of the inhabitants, who upon these occasions turn out of doors *en masse* to enjoy the music and the company of their neighbors. The Société d'Emulation is an instance of the stimulus given to scientific, literary, and artistic pursuits by a Protestant spirit of inquiry. This society was founded in 1852 by a few *savants*, in order to develop the public taste for science, art, and letters. It now numbers two hundred and forty-three members, and has been instrumental in founding a museum containing upwards of eighty thousand archæological specimens, besides botanical, geological, and other collections.

It is particularly rich in the first respect, few provincial museums having such complete illustrations of the pre-historic and also Gallo-Roman periods. The flint, bronze, and iron epochs are here largely represented, some of the large, leaf-shaped flint instruments being particularly beautiful specimens. The excavations at Mandeure, a short drive from Montbéliard, the Epomanduodurum of the Romans, have afforded a precious collection of interesting objects — pottery, small bronze groups and figures, ornaments, terracottas, etc. At Mandeure are to be seen the ruins of the ancient city, amphitheatre, baths, tombs, vestiges of a temple, and other remains, but excavations are still going on under the

direction of the learned president of the Société d'Emulation, M. Fabre, and further treasure-trove is looked for. This charming little museum, so tastefully arranged in the picturesque old *halles* by M. Fabre, is open on Sunday afternoons on payment of two sous; but in order to promote a love of science among the young, schools are admitted gratuitously, and within the last ten weeks thirty-nine teachers and seven hundred and forty-eight pupils of both sexes have availed themselves of the privilege. During the German occupation in 1870-71 a sum of 323,940 francs was levied upon the town, and the museum and library, after being valued at a considerable sum, were seized as pledges of payment. Seals were set on the collections, and German soldiery guarded the treasures which had been collected with so much zeal and sacrifice.

The entire sum was never paid, but the library, consisting of nineteen thousand volumes, and museum were left intact, to the great joy of the inhabitants.

Montbéliard is as sociable as it is advanced, and my introduction from a native of the friendly little town, settled in Paris, opened all hearts to me. Every one is helpful, agreeable, full of hospitality. My evenings are always spent at one pleasant house or another, where music, tea, and conversation lend wings to the cheerful hours. The custom indeed of keeping the *veillée*, familiar to readers of the gifted Franche-Comtois, Charles Nodier, is common here among rich and poor. People quit their homes after the early supper — for according to German custom we dine at noon and sup at seven here — to enjoy the society of their neighbors. Delightful recollections shall I carry away from Montbéliard of many a *veillée*. Of one in particular when a dozen neighbors and their English guest assemble in the summer-house of a suburban garden, there to discuss art, music, and literature over ices and other good things despatched from the town. We had looked forward to a superb moonlight spectacle of river, château, and bridges, flooded with silvery light. We had torrents of rain instead, being threatened with what is a phenomenon of no rare occurrence here, namely, an inundation. Situated on the confluence of two rivers, the Allaine and the Lusine, Montbéliard is a quaint and homely little Venice in miniature, sure to be flooded once or twice a year, when people have to pay visits and carry on their daily avocations in boats.

It takes, however, more than minor mis-

fortunes such as these to damp French geniality and good nature, and when our pleasant *soirée* came to an end every one returned home well fortified with umbrellas, cloaks, and goloshes in the best possible humor. Sometimes these *veillées* will be devoted to declamation or story-telling, one or two of the party reading aloud a play or a poem, or reciting for the benefit of the rest. In the bitter winter nights even this sociable custom is not laid aside, even ladies venturing forth with their lanterns in order to enjoy a little society. Music is the chief out-of-door recreation during the summer months, the military band of the garrison largely contributing to the general amusement. There is also a handsome theatre, at which first-rate representations are occasionally given by *artistes* from Paris. This is pretty well for a town of eight thousand inhabitants. It is astonishing how French good-humor and light-heartedness help to lighten the hardest lot. We find the hours of toil enormously long here, and economies practised among the better classes of which few English people have any conception. Yet life is made the best of, and everything in the shape of a distraction is seized upon with avidity. Although eminently a Protestant town, shops are open all day long on Sundays, when more business seems to be done than at any other time. The shutters no sooner put up however, than every one sets out for a walk or a visit, and get as much enjoyment as they can. Only the rich or exceedingly well-to-do people keep servants, others content themselves with a charwoman, who comes in for two hours a day and is paid ten or twelve francs a month; many ladies by birth and education, doing all the lighter household work, marketing, etc., themselves, whilst the small shopkeeping class, who, with us, must invariably have a wretched drudge called a maid-of-all-work, never dream of getting any one to cook or clean for them. As a matter of course all this is done by the family, no matter how well educated may be its members. We must always bear in mind that the general well-being and easy circumstances of the French middle classes is greatly owing to their freedom from shams. Toil is not regarded as a degradation, and the hateful word "gentility" is not found in their vocabulary. Thus it comes about that you find a mixture of homeliness, comfort, and solidity of fortune, rarely the case in England. Take my landlady as an example, a charming person, who keeps a straw-hat and umbrella shop, whose sister is a *re-*

passeuse, or clear-starcher, and their married brother has also a hat-shop next door. These people do all the work that is to be done themselves, yet in similar circumstances in England, would be sure to have maids-of-all work, nursery maids, and the rest of it. They have plenty of good furniture, supplies of household and personal linen that would set up a shop, and the children of the brother receive the best possible education he can obtain for them. The elder girl has just returned from Belfort with her first diploma, and is to be sent to Germany to learn German. She has nevertheless, acquired a knowledge of what all women should know, can cook, clean, cut out and make clothes, etc., and when herself a wife and mother will doubtless exercise all these accomplishments in order to give her children as good an education as she possesses herself. Both sisters and married brother, moreover, have so well economized their savings that all of them could retire and live on their earnings to-morrow.

More might be said about the easy intercourse and geniality of this little town did space permit. I will pass on to add that, though extremely picturesque, with its flower-gardens running down to the water's edge, tiny bridges, hanging roofs, curling vines, lastly circling green hills and fine old château crowning all, there is little here to detain the tourist. The case is very different with those travellers who are bent upon studying French life under its various aspects, for they will find at Montbéliard a wholly new phase. Much in domestic life reminds us of south Germany, yet no place is more eminently French. The type of physiognomy is frank and animated, fair and even red hair is common, whilst the stature is above the average, and the general *physique* gives an idea of strength, character, and health. The Montbéliards are courteous but proud, and prone rather to bestow than accept favors. Amiability and real goodness of heart especially characterize them.

As a seat of some special manufactures, musical boxes and clocks being among the chief, it possesses importance; there are also cotton-mills, tanneries, foundries, etc. The fabrication of clocks by machinery is a curious process, the precision and apparent intelligence of the machines being as agreeable to contemplate as the reverse is humiliating, namely, the spectacle of men, women, and children being converted into automatons by unremitting mechanical labor. The length of the day's work here is prodigious, consisting of twelve hours,

and the occupation extremely unwholesome, owing to the smell of the oil and the perpetual noise of machinery. The pay is low, beginning at three francs and reaching to four or four and a half a day. We may blame the artisan class for improvidence, insobriety, and many other failings; but none who calmly compare the life of a clockmaker, for instance, condemned to spend twelve hours of the twenty-four in this laborious, unwholesome, and ill-remunerated labor, with that of the better classes, can wonder at his discontent. If he seeks to better his position by means of strikes, socialistic schemes, or other violent means, at least we must grant that it is only natural, till some other should offer themselves. It is to be hoped that the hours of labor will soon be shortened in a department of France so advanced in other respects; and meantime, in some ways, artisans here are better off than elsewhere. All round the town you find so-called *cités ouvrières* built on the model of those of Mulhouse; little streets of cheerful cottages, each with its bit of flower and vegetable garden, where at least the workman has something to call a home after his day's labor. These artisan quarters are well or ill kept, of course, according to the thrift or slovenliness of the tenants: some are charming, but at their worst they are a vast improvement upon the close, ill-ventilated quarters to be found in towns. They are also much cheaper, about 5*l.* a year being charged for both house and garden, whereas even in a little town like Montbéliard, accommodation is dear and difficult to be had. In fact, the question of house room is as much of a problem here for the workman as among our own rural population; and though without doubt the heads of firms who have built these cheerful and ornamental little rows of English-like cottages for their workpeople were actuated chiefly by philanthropic motives, they found it absolutely necessary to take some steps in the matter. Various efforts are being made to raise the status of the mechanic by means of lectures, reading-rooms, and recreation, but whilst the hours of labor remain what we find them, little good can be effected. A devoted Montbéliardais, who has spent her whole life in her native town, has done much for the female part of the manufacturing population by means of free night schools, free library, chiefly for the young, Sunday afternoon classes for the teaching of cutting out and needle-work, gratuitous laundries, and other philanthropic schemes. These good efforts of Mlle. Rosalie Mo-

rel, a lady and a lay-woman, have been seconded by those of a Protestant deaconess in another direction, the latter devoting herself to nursing and the teaching of hygiene and sanitary science. In the matter of cleanliness, therefore, these good people are not left in the dark as in benighted Brittany, where dirt is not preached against as it ought to be in the pulpit. Mlle. Morel's free laundries — in other words, a scheme set on foot for the purpose of teaching the poorest classes what clean linen should be — have doubtless effected much good, and on the whole cleanliness is the rule here, and the public hot and cold baths much frequented by all.

In spite, however, of the animation and *bonhomie* of this little town, there is a dark side to social life, and in the train of intemperance and unthrift among the manufacturing population we find squalor and immorality. After several weeks' sojourn in that Utopia of all socialistic dreamers — a land without a beggar — I found myself here once more in the domains of mendicity, though it is not to be found to any great extent. The custom of putting out infants to nurse is fortunately unfrequent in these parts, and, as a natural consequence, infant mortality is not above the average. The *cités ouvrières* are doubtless to be thanked for this, as the nearness of the home to the factory enables the baby to be brought to its mother for nourishment; and in one visit to the clock-manufactory before spoken of, we saw mothers nursing their infants on the spot. Nearer Paris you constantly encounter infants of three days old being despatched with their foster-mother into some country place, there to be brought up by hand, most likely, in other words, to die; but here it is not so. We find at Montbéliard that contrast between wealth and poverty seen in England, but wholly absent from the rural districts of France. The aristocracy of the place here is composed of the wealthy manufacturing class, and by little and little Parisian luxuries are finding their way into this remote region. Until within quite recent date, for instance, there was no such thing as a stand for hackney carriages here; now it has become the fashion to take drives in fine weather, whilst in our walks and drives in the neighborhood we encounter handsome waggonettes and open carriages with a pair of horses rarely seen in the purely agricultural districts. In every way habits of life have become modified by the rapid rise of a commercial aristocracy; and, as a natural consequence, we find much more social distinction than

in those parts of France where no such class exists. Yet a stranger who should here study French manners and customs for the first time, would find the principle of equality existing in a degree unknown in England. Can anything be more absurd than the imagined differences of rank that divide the population of our provincial towns? The same thing is seen in the country, where the clergyman holds aloof from the village doctor, the farmer from the shopkeeper, both these from the village schoolmaster, and where, indeed, everybody thinks himself better than his neighbor. We have in England schools for the professional classes, schools for the children of farmers, of wholesale shopkeepers, of small retail tradesmen, lastly, School Board schools for the "people;" yet you no more expect to find a milliner's children attending the latter than a chimneysweep's son at the grammar school. In French country towns all this is simplified by the *école communale*, at which boys and girls respectively, no matter their parents' calling and means, receive precisely the same education. After the *école communale* comes the *collège*, where a liberal education is afforded, and pupils study for the examination of *bachelier des lettres et sciences*, but are not prepared as at the *lycées* for the *faculté du droit*, or doctorate in law. There is no other school here for primary instruction of both sexes but these communal schools, Protestant and Catholic, and thither all the children go, rich and poor, patrician and *prolétaire*, as a matter of course. The politeness of the French working classes may be partly accounted for by this association of all ranks in early life. Convent and other schools for young ladies do not exist at Montbéliard, and those who study for the first and second diploma are generally prepared at Belfort and Besançon, where the examinations are held.

There is here an *école normale*, or training-school for teachers, also a Protestant training-school noted for its excellence. On the whole, for a town of eight thousand inhabitants, Montbéliard must be considered rich in educational and intellectual resources.

Much of the farming in these parts is tenant-farming on a fair scale — *i.e.*, from fifty to two or three hundred acres. In the case of small peasant properties, which of course exist also, the land is usually not divided on the death of the father, the elder son purchasing the shares of his brothers and sisters. More on the subject of agriculture will be said further on,

there being nothing particularly striking about the two tenant farms I visited with friends in the immediate proximity of the town. The first, though not a model farm, is considered a good specimen of farming on a large scale, the size being a hundred *hectares*, about two hundred and fifty acres, hired at a rental of fifty francs per *hectare*, less than a pound per acre. The premises were large, handsome, and cleanly, according to a French standard, though, as usual, with a large heap of manure drying up in the sun. Here we found thirty-five splendid Normandy and other cows, entirely kept for milking, the milk being all sent into Montbéliard; with a small number of bullocks, horses, and pigs. The land looks poor, and gives no evidence of scientific farming, though every year improvements are made, new agricultural methods and implements introduced, and thus the resources of the land developed. The farmer's wife and young daughters were all hard at work, and the farmer busy with his men in the fields. Close to the farmhouse, which we find spacious and comfortable, is the handsome villa of the owner, who has thus an opportunity of seeing for himself how things go. If tenant farming does not pay in England, it certainly can only do so in France by means of a laboriousness and economy of which we have hardly an idea. Work indeed means one thing with us, and quite another with our French neighbors.

It is on market-day that the country folks and their wares are to be seen to best advantage, and the provident housekeeper supplies herself with butter, fruit, and vegetables, all being, according to our notions, extraordinarily cheap — peaches sixpence a pound, melons a few pence each, a small ripe melon costing sometimes only a penny, and so on in proportion. There is also a slightly acid, delicious fruit here, that of the fruit-bearing cornel-tree, which, with its rich scarlet berries, is just now a handsome ornament in gardens. In spite, however, of the extremely low prices of garden and orchard produce, housekeepers complain of the higher cost of living since the war, meat and poultry fetching very nearly the same prices as in Paris.

In former days the costume of the peasant woman in these parts was exceedingly picturesque, short gay skirt, black bodice, short full white linen sleeves, leaving the arms bare, and a coquettish little close-fitting cap, made of black velvet, embroidered in silk or beads, and fastened to the head with white ribbon bows hanging be-

hind. All this has disappeared except the *coiffe*, and that is only to be seen on fair-days and *fêtes*, and more rarely every day. We saw several of these fanciful caps on the occasion of the annual fair, some richly embroidered with tastefully assorted silks and gold braid; but here, alas! as everywhere else, costume is already a thing of the past, and the all-omnipotent bonnet and chimney-pot are superseding the far more picturesque and becoming head adornments of other days. At the *fête* in question we witnessed the out-of-door dancing so popular in these parts, even grey-haired Darbies and Joans paying their two sous for the sake of enjoying a waltz or mazurka in the charmed circle. Rich and poor, young and old, learned and simple, of course turned out to see what was going on, and take part in the popular amusements. Every minute we had to stop and shake hands with an acquaintance.

And now before turning to "fresh woods and pastures new," a word must be said about the illustrious name that will ever be linked with that of Montbéliard. Many a hasty traveller alights at the little railway station for the purpose of seeing the noble monument by David d'Angers and the antiquated house bearing the inscription:—

ICI NAQUIT G. CUVIER.

The bronze statue of the great anatomist stands out in bold relief before the Hôtel de Ville, the profile being turned towards the humble dwelling in which he first saw the light, the full face fronting the large Protestant church, built in 1602, a century and a half before his birth. The proximity is a happy one, since was it not by virtue of Protestantism, no matter how imperfect its manifestations, that Cuvier was enabled to pursue his inquiries with such magnificent results? Two centuries before, he might, like Galileo, have had to choose between martyrdom and scientific apostasy. The great Montbéliardais is represented with a pen in one hand, a scroll in the other, on which is drawn the anatomy of the human frame. He wears the long, full frock coat of the period, its ample folds having the effect of drapery. David d'Angers has achieved no nobler work than this statue.

The flourishing college of Montbéliard, called after its greatest citizen, was founded a few years ago, and is one of the first objects seen in quitting the railway station of the Rue Cuvier.

English tourists do not often turn aside

from the Swiss route to visit the quieter beauties of Le Doubs, and residents here regret the absence of travellers, which, of course, tells upon the hotels. No one has a word to say in favor of anything in the way of hotels we are likely to meet with on our journey throughout the length and breadth of Franche-Comté. The new line of railway now in course of construction from Besançon to Morteau, through the heart of the country, will effect great changes. This will be a new line into Switzerland. The only way to see these regions to perfection is to hire a carriage by the day, and retain it as long as you please. The railway does not penetrate into the most picturesque regions, and the diligence is slow and inconvenient. Accordingly, having had an itinerary written out for us by friends who had gone over every inch of the ground, mostly on foot, I set off with an enterprising lady, a native of these parts, for a few days' drive in the most romantic scenery of the Doubs, southward of Montbéliard and in the direction of Switzerland. So well is the road marked out for us, that we want neither Joanne nor Murray, and we have, moreover, procured the services of a coachman who has been familiarized with the country by thirty years' experience. Thus far, therefore, we have nothing to desire but fine weather, which has been very rare since my arrival, tempests, showers, and downpours being the order of the day. However, choosing one morning of unusual promise, we start off at seven o'clock, prepared for the best or the worst, a description of the pine forests, mountain gorges, and romantic valleys of Le Doubs being reserved for the next paper.

M. B.-E.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

"FRED:" A TALE FROM JAPAN.

BY R — L —.

FRED was a stray dog whose origin and whose name even were shrouded in mystery. In 1861 he had landed in Yokohama from an English tea-clipper, in the company of a melancholy traveller. Nobody, of course, took any notice of the dog at the time, and he, on his part, avoided all familiarity with strangers, having, apparently, eyes and ears only for his master, whom he followed everywhere.

This master, Mr. Alexander Young, was a rather mysterious character. Nobody knew whence he came or whither he was

bound. The captain of the "Georgina" had made his acquaintance in Java, and had given him a passage to Japan on very moderate terms. During the voyage, Alexander Young—or Sandy, as he was commonly called—spoke very little, but drank a good deal. The captain, who, when at sea, made it a rule never to take anything stronger than water, was not at all disinclined, when ashore, to indulge in an extra bottle or so. In consequence, he treated the weakness of his companion with compassionate fellow-feeling, and even felt, on that very account, a sort of sympathy for him, which showed itself in many little kindnesses. Sandy was very grateful; and in his sad, dreamy, blue eyes there was a tender and friendly expression whenever they rested on the rugged, weather-beaten features of the captain.

Fred was Sandy's constant companion, and the dog's nose was never many inches distant from his master's heels.

"Fred is a curious name for a dog," said the captain, one evening; "why did you call him so?"

Sandy was silent for fully a minute, and then answered slowly, "Because he was a present from my cousin Louisa."

The captain was much impressed by this unexpected explanation; but as he was himself accustomed to clothe his ideas in most enigmatical language, he made no doubt that Sandy's reply had some deep hidden meaning; and without indulging in indiscreet questions, he made many and fruitless efforts to solve the problem unaided. From that time Sandy rose in his esteem. Neither Sandy nor he ever recurred to the subject; but when, at a later period, the captain was asked why Mr. Young's dog was called "Fred," he answered authoritatively, "Because the dog was a present from his cousin Louisa."

Fred was a thorough-bred bull-terrier, snow-white, with one black round spot over his left eye. His fore-legs were bowed, his chest was broad and powerful, his head wide and flat as a frog's. His jaws were armed with a set of short, uneven, sharp teeth, which seemed strong enough to crunch a bar of iron. His eyes were set obliquely in his head, Chinese fashion; nevertheless there was an honest and trustworthy expression in them. One could see that Fred, though he was a dangerous, was not a savage or a wicked beast.

Fred could smile in his grim way, if his master showed him a bone and said, "Smile!" But, as a rule, he was as grave and serious as Young himself. He was

no bully or street-fighter. Confident in his own strength, he looked with contempt on the small curs who barked and yelped at him. But if a large dog, a worthy adversary, attacked him, he fought with mute, merciless fury. He neither barked nor growled on such occasions, but the quick, deep breathing under which his broad chest heaved, betrayed his inward fury. His green eyes shone like emeralds, and he fastened his fangs into his enemy with such mad violence that it was a matter of great difficulty to make him loose his hold.

During six months Sandy and Fred led a quiet life at Yokohama. Sandy was known, it is true, to consume in private an incredible amount of spirits; but in public, his behavior was unexceptionable, and no one had ever seen him intoxicated. A few days after his arrival, he had bought one of the rough, ugly little ponies of the country. Those who, for some reason or another, strayed from the beaten paths usually frequented by foreign residents at Yokohama, declared that they had met Young, the pony, and Fred in the most unlooked-for places. The lonely rider, the horse, and the dog appeared, they said, equally lost in deep reverie. Young smoked; the pony, with the reins hanging loose on its neck, walked with his head down, as though it were studying that road of which its master took no heed; while Fred followed close behind, with his dreamy, half-closed eyes fixed on the horse's hoofs. Young never addressed anybody, but returned every salute politely, and, so to speak, gratefully. The Europeans at Yokohama wondered at their quiet fellow-exile; and the Japanese called him *kitchingay*—crazy.

Young rarely remained in town when the weather was fine. He would leave the settlement in the early morning with his two four-footed companions, and not return from his ride till dusk. But if it rained and blew hard, one might be sure to meet him on the *bund*—the street which leads from the European quarter to the harbor. On such occasions Sandy, with his hands behind his back, walked slowly up and down the broad road, with Fred at his heels as usual; though it was evident that the poor, drenched animal did not share his master's enjoyment of bad weather. At intervals Sandy would stop in his walk and watch with apparent interest the boisterous sea and the vessels that were tossing on it. Whenever this happened Fred immediately sat upon his haunches and fixed his blinking eyes on his master's countenance, as though he were trying to

discover some indication that he was going to exchange the impassable street for the comfortable shelter of his lodgings. If Young stayed too long, Fred would push him gently with his nose as if to wake him out of his day-dream. Sandy would then move on again; but he never went home till the storm had abated or night had set in. This strange, aimless walking up and down gave him the appearance of a man who has missed his railway-train, and who, at some strange, uninteresting station, seeks to while away the time till the next departure.

Young must have brought some money with him to Yokohama, for he lived on for several weeks without seeking employment. At the end of that time, however, he advertised in the *Japan Times* to the effect that he had set up in business as public accountant. In this capacity he soon got some employment. He was a steady, conscientious worker, rather slow at his work, and evidently not caring to earn more than was required for his wants. In this way he became acquainted with Mr. James Webster, the head of an important American firm, who, after employing Young on several occasions, at last offered him an excellent situation as assistant bookkeeper in his house. This offer Sandy declined with thanks.

"I do not know how long I may remain out here," he said. "I expect letters from home which may oblige me to leave at once."

Those letters never came, and Sandy grew paler and sadder every day. One evening he went to call on James Webster. A visit from Sandy Young was such an unusual occurrence that Webster, who, as a rule, did not like to be disturbed, came forward to greet his visitor. But Sandy would not come in; he remained at the entrance, leaning against the open door. His speech and manner were calm and even careless; and Webster was consequently somewhat surprised to hear that he had come to take leave.

"Sit down, man," said Webster, "and take a soda-and-brandy and a cheroot."

"No, thank you," replied Young. "I leave early to-morrow morning; and I have only just time to get my things ready."

"So you are really going away?" said Webster. "Well, I am sorry you would not stay with us. As it is, I can only wish you good luck and a prosperous voyage."

He held out his hand, which Young pressed so warmly that Webster looked at

him with some surprise; and as he looked, it seemed to him that there was moisture in Sandy Young's eyes.

"Why won't you stay?" continued Webster, who felt a curious interest in the sad, quiet man. "The place I offered you the other day is still there."

Young remained silent for a few moments. Then he shook his head, and said gently, "No, thanks. You are very kind, but I had better go. . . . What should I do here? Japan is a fine country; but it is so very small — always the same blue sea, the same white Fusuyama, and the same people riding the same horses and followed by the same dogs. I am tired of it all. . . . You must admit, Mr. Webster, that life is not highly amusing out here."

There was a short pause, after which Sandy resumed, but speaking more slowly and in still lower tones, "I think there must be a typhoon in the air; I feel so weary. . . . I do not think, Mr. Webster, that you can ever have felt as tired as I do. I thought we were going to have a storm this morning. It would perhaps have done me good. This has been a very close, heavy day. . . . Well, good-night, I did not like to leave Yokohama without bidding you good-bye, and thanking you for all your friendliness."

He moved away with hesitating steps; and when he had gone a few paces he turned round and waved his hand to Webster, who was following him with his eye.

"I thank you again, Mr. Webster," he repeated, with almost pathetic earnestness. "I wish you a *very* good night." And so he disappeared into the darkness.

That night a terrific storm burst over Yokohama, but it came too late to revive poor, weary Sandy. He was found dead in his bedroom the next morning, having hanged himself during the night. On the table lay a large sheet of paper with the following words written in a bold hand, "Please take care of Fred."

Nothing was found in Sandy's trunk but some shabby clothes and a bundle of old letters which had evidently been read over and over again. They were without envelopes, dated from Limerick, 1855 and 1856, and merely signed, "Louisa." They were examined carefully in the hope that they might furnish some clue to Sandy's parentage and connections; but they were love-letters — mere love-letters — and contained nothing that could interest any one but poor Sandy himself. There was a frequent mention of a father and a mother in these letters, and it was clear that they had

not been favorable to the lovers; but who this father and mother were did not appear. Other persons were mentioned, as "Charles," "Edward," "Mary," and "Florence," but their Christian names only were given. In the last letters of October, November, and December 1856, there was constant reference to a certain Frederick Millner, a friend of Sandy's, whom he had, apparently, introduced to his cousin and lady-love. In the first of these letters, Louisa wrote that her mother was much pleased with Mr. Millner, who was a most agreeable and charming companion. In course of time Mr. Millner became "Frederick Millner," then "Fred Millner," "F. M.," and at last he was simply "Fred." Fred had accompanied Louisa and her mother to Dublin, where they had all been much amused. Fred was a capital rider, and at the last meet he had taken the big stone wall behind Hrachan Park, in a style which had excited the admiration of all present. Fred accompanied Louisa frequently on horseback, and she had never had such capital riding-lessons as from him: he understood horses better than anybody, and that ill-tempered "Blackbird" that Sandy had never dared to ride, was as gentle as a lamb with Fred. At the last athletic sports, got up by the officers of the Nineteenth, Fred had thrown the hammer farther than anybody; and would certainly have won the foot hurdle-race likewise, if he had not fallen at the last hurdle. Fred had a beautiful voice; Fred danced well; Fred here, Fred there, Fred everywhere. In the last letter it was said how "poor, daring Fred, had fallen with 'Blackbird' at the last steeplechase and had broken his collar-bone." Yet he did not give up the race, and came in third! "Mother has insisted on his remaining here to be nursed by us till he gets well. He sends his best love, and will write as soon as he is able."

These letters were sealed up and deposited in the archives of the British consulate at Yokohama. Inquiry was made officially at Limerick whether a Mr. Alexander Young and a Mr. Frederick Millner had been known there in 1855 and 1856. In due course of time the reply came, but brought no satisfactory answer to the questions. Alexander Young was quite unknown. A young man, called Frederick Millner, had lived at Limerick at the date mentioned. After bringing shame and sorrow to the daughter of an honored family, he had left the town in secret and had never been heard of since.

As Alexander Young left no property of

any value, no further inquiries were made, and he was soon forgotten. He was buried very quietly; and James Webster, the constable of the English consulate, and Fred, alone accompanied him to the grave.

After the funeral the dog returned to Yokohama. For several days he searched anxiously for his master in his old lodgings and near the new-made grave; but he soon became convinced of the fruitlessness of his endeavors, and thenceforward he became, as a Californian called him, "an institution of Yokohama."

Sandy's last wish, "Please take care of Fred," was faithfully attended to. Many of the residents of Yokohama showed themselves ready to adopt the good dog; but Fred did not seem inclined to acknowledge a new master, and testified little gratitude for the caresses bestowed on him. He visited first one and then another of his numerous patrons, and did not object to accompany any of them in turn during a walk or a ride; but no one could boast that Fred was *his* dog. His favorite resort was the club, where, in the evening, all his friends met, and where he usually remained till the last guest left. Then he took up his quarters for the night with one or other of his friends; and hospitality was readily extended to him, for he was both watchful and well-behaved.

A year had thus gone by, when the "Georgina" once more arrived in Yokohama harbor. The captain walking on the *bund* one day, recognized his former passenger Fred, and called to the dog. Fred snuffed at him deliberately, drooped his head, and appeared for a few moments to meditate profoundly. But suddenly he showed the wildest delight, leaped up at the captain and licked his hands, barking and smiling; then started down the street at full speed, and at last returned to take his old place at the heels of his new master. The captain, we have said, was a philosopher: he accepted the adoption as a decree of fate to which he bowed submissively.

One evening, not long after this, the captain was attacked by a party of drunken Japanese officers. Fred sprang at the throat of one of the assailants and would have strangled him, if another of the Japanese had not cut him down with a stroke of his sword. The captain escaped with a slight wound and took refuge in the club, from whence he soon sallied forth with a party of friends to give chase to his foes and try to save his dog. But his brave friend and defender was dead. He was

buried in the yard of the club-house of Yokohama, where a stone with the inscription, "Fred, 1863," still marks the place where poor Sandy's faithful companion lies.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
COLOR IN PAINTING.

ONE of our greatest art-critics is fond of telling us that there is no such thing as a vulgar color, though there are many vulgar ways of arranging colors. Nobody ever objected to the most brilliant crimson, purple, or orange in a gladiolus, a tulip, or a calceolaria. Nobody ever found the hues of sunset gaudy, or thought the rainbow overdone. The iridescence that plays upon the facets of an opal, the inner surface of a pearly nautilus, or the dewy petal of a rose, never struck the most fastidious eye as glaring, in spite of all its changeful wealth of pink and green and violet. Even among human products we have each of us seen some specimens of Indian or Moorish workmanship, on which the brightest pigments known to man were lavished with an unsparing hand, and yet the total effect was not one of vulgarity, but rather of richness and splendor. Like the gorgeous tropical butterflies, they push color to its furthest admissible extreme, without ever overstepping the limits of perfect good taste. Indeed, it is undeniable that every color in itself, apart from special relations, is beautiful to the majority of human beings just in proportion as it is pure, intense, massive, and brilliant.

Nor do I think that we can doubt the superior æsthetic effect of reds, purples, and oranges over greens, blues, and violets, in the vast majority of cases. Not only do children and uncivilized men prize the pungent hues far more than the retiring ones; but in costume, in festal decoration, and in flower-gardens, almost everybody confesses the same natural preference. It is true that many other considerations come in to mask this original tendency of our nature: fashion or a sense of propriety may make us dress in black or grey, rather than in scarlet or pink; the desire for relief may lead us to gaze with greater pleasure on the blue vault of heaven and the restful verdure of the meadows than on obtrusive masses of red and yellow; an educated revulsion from the excessive stimulation of vulgar furniture — with its crimson satin cover-

ings, its wall-paper ablaze with rose-bunches, and its flare of gilt mirror-frames — may lead the artistic few to delight in the quiet repose of solid grey oak, neutral-tinted papers, and delicate shades of mellow green. Yet these exceptional instances cannot blind us to the general love for ruddy hues. Baby in its cradle jumps at a bunch of red rags. Dinah in the cane-field makes herself lovely with a red turban. The central-African chief is bribed with yards of red calico. Purple and fine linen are the proverbial adjuncts of ancient rulers, from Tyre to imperial Rome. In our own day, the soldier's red coat proves irresistible alike to the nursemaid in the park and to her mistress in the ball-room. Indeed it is a noticeable fact that men condemned to wear the sombre frock-coat of modern life are glad to seize on every opportunity for donning a brighter and more conspicuous garb. Regimental dances, masonic *fêtes*, Highland games, boating-matches, athletic sports, and fancy balls are all eagerly caught at by our handsome, well-made young men as lucky occasions for the display of something finer than the swallow-tail and white tie of every-day gatherings. The subaltern in his uniform, the master of fox-hounds in his scarlet coat, and the champion sculler in his striped jersey are all representatives of the healthy primitive love for honest red and yellow.

But while we allow that bright colors are in themselves the pleasantest and prettiest of all — for indeed the retiring tints owe most of their beauty to the relief which they afford us from the excessive stimulation of brilliant hues — and while many of us are even beginning to perceive in England that an over-anxious fastidiousness on this point has long deprived us of much innocent pleasure in dress and decoration — I think it possible that almost all our painting (viewed as purely imitative in purpose) is still marked by far too much color, and especially by far too much red, purple, orange, and yellow. I know that to offer any criticism from outside on our artistic public is to stir a nest of hornets, who straightway sally forth to sting the unhappy culprit with many technical phrases and great assumption of obvious superiority. But I must hasten to reassure these irritable gentlemen by stating that I do not propose to deal out any praise or blame in the present paper to any school or person whatsoever. When I speak of over-coloring, I only mean to assert the simple and positive fact that bright hues are to be found in greater proportions on

the canvas of painters than in the average every-day scenes of external nature or human life. This preponderance of bright hues is due to the fact that our painting, though to a large extent imitative, has still in part a decorative purpose; and I believe, if we look at the matter from an historical point of view, we shall see reason to conclude that decorative and imitative art were originally one and the same; that in the course of ages they have been gradually separating their functions; but that a complete and final separation has not yet been entirely effected. Whether such a separation will eventually take place in the future is a question at which we can only guess with more or less of probability.

I cannot too strongly insist, however, upon the point that my contention is simply historical and not critical. I have no intention of asserting that our painting *ought* to be one thing rather than another, because I do not know any meaning for the word "ought" in æsthetic matters. I am not anxious to swell the ranks of those dogmatic æstheticians, already too numerous, who are perpetually thrusting upon the public their own likes and dislikes, as though they were eternal and immutable laws of objective nature. I wish only to point out a simple positive principle in the past and present development of art, which can be easily verified by any person who takes the trouble to examine the evidence on his own account. At the same time, I must guard against an opposite misapprehension, into which my words might possibly lead an unwary reader. I have not a grain of sympathy with that modern French school who preach to us incessantly that "morality has no place in art." The insolent assumption that a particular trade or profession can set itself above those universal laws which govern all human actions and products would be ridiculous if it were not so dangerous. Right and wrong mean for the artist exactly what they mean for the rest of the world. A work of art which inspires high and noble and sympathetic sentiments is so far good, however poor may be its *technique*; while one which inspires low, vulgar, cruel, or anti-social emotions is so far bad, however exquisite may be its handicraft. The hideous apologies which Théophile Gautier poured forth in favor of bull-fighting and gladiatorial exhibitions; the lurid beauty of Gérôme's masterpieces, "alternating between the sanguinary and sensuous"—these are just as truly bad, in the ethical and only real sense of the word, as the literature and the art of Holywell Street.

Even worse, indeed one may say, because their cruelty renders them far more revolting than their licentiousness. From the mere æsthetic standpoint these faults are to be avoided by the highest artist, because the man of refined temperament feels his taste as well as his conscience hurt by them, and the highest art is that which ministers to the most highly-organized natures. So my general statement that right and wrong have no meaning in art must be accepted in the most limited sense; that is to say, in the sense that no absolute *æsthetic* rule can be set up parallel to the absolute *ethical* rule which binds us all in every department of life.

Having thus secured ourselves against misconception on either hand, let us proceed to the historical investigation of our subject.

Painting apparently took its rise long before the discovery of pigments. Almost as soon as man was human, he seems to have employed his nascent faculties in etching rough delineations of his fellows with fragments of bone or chips of flint on any material at once hard enough and loose-textured enough to take a deep scratch. But there is no indication of coloring on these primeval bas-reliefs from the caves of Dordogne, which owe their whole artistic effectiveness to their rough accuracy of imitation. Amongst existing savages, however, color is almost universally employed upon æsthetic products, though it is often obtained by more primitive devices than that of applied pigment. Sometimes red and yellow feathers are gummed together into a rude human face, whose eyes are supplied by pieces of mother-of-pearl, while the teeth are represented by little nacreous shells. In other cases, bits of colored pebble or coral are pressed into the service of the artist to beautify the grotesque features of his staring and grinning god. Almost any natural object which exhibits bright permanent hues is prized by the savage on its own account, and is employed by some dexterous shift to enliven his simple works of statuary. Just as he admires the glitter of gold and silver, the fitful gleam of the pearl, the pure tints of the ruby, the sapphire, and the emerald—just as he collects plumes from the ostrich, the parrot, and the macaw, or gathers cowries, cones, and wentletraps by the seashore—just as he treasures up scraps of red coral and glistening teeth of his conquered enemy—so he frankly uses these self-same materials to decorate the quaint idols which embody his highest ideal of imitative

art. So long as the imitation is recognizable, he cares not for appropriateness in the tints he uses, only desiring to produce a brilliant and striking mass of color which may dazzle and delight the eyes of his uncritical fellow-savage.

Wherever the use of pigments is known, we see analogous results. The North American Indians, who have two or three bright primary colors at command, employ them for decoration alone. Their baskets and bows are stained in alternate red and blue; and when they attempt figures or faces they color them for mere brilliancy of effect, with very little regard to the chromatic proprieties of nature. In the ornamental articles which they manufacture by stitching birch-bark with threads of scraped porcupine quill there is some slight approach to imitative coloring; but even this does not go beyond such broad generalities as a blue flower, red fruit, and greenish-yellow leaves. There is no shading, no variety of tint, nothing but a suggestion of conventional color applied indiscriminately to every object which can possibly be described as possessing it. For example, in this stage of art, a "red" cow would be painted in brilliant crimson, and a "blue" sea in the deepest indigo.

If we watch our own children at from four to nine years old, we shall find that they are still at the same point of artistic development. When they are given a paint-box, they set to work at once upon the nursery pictures, and adorn every little girl with a red frock, every boy with a green coat, and every man with a suit of staring yellow or massive blue. They do not care in the least whether the colors they apply resemble anything they have ever seen in real life: they want to *decorate* the pictures with the immediate and sensuously efficient decoration of brilliant pigments. If they make any attempt at imitative coloring, it is in the same rude form as our Indian artist's: they put a patch of scarlet on the cheeks and lips, and they represent blue eyes by a blotch of ultramarine. As for the browns, the greys, the chocolates, the duller greens and yellows of their paint-box, they try them once, vote them "ugly colors," and never use them again.

The picture-books which are printed for their use frankly recognize these facts, and present them with brilliantly-dressed ladies and gentlemen, gorgeous flowers and monstrous butterflies, gilded palaces and magnificent furniture to their heart's content. The colors are mostly primary and unshaded; they are applied with no

very scrupulous regard to external reality; and they meander somewhat vaguely on either side of the line which ought to form their boundary. But the nursery critic overlooks these technical imperfections if only the hues are bright enough, deep enough, and laid on in big enough masses. "What a lovely book!" is the immediate and heart-felt exclamation, as a staring jumble of discordant pigments is laid open before the delighted eyes of the eager six-year-old recipient.

If we turn away from the savage and the child to our own early mediæval ancestors, we shall find very much the same conception of color as merely decorative and ornamental. The Bayeux tapestry employs wool of every dye to define and mark off its various characters; but there is no attempt at representing the actual shades of life. If one horse is a bright red, his neighbor is a deep blue; if Harold is wrought in pink, William faces him in green. The sole purpose of the coloring is to gratify the eye and to distinguish clearly between adjacent objects. The outlines suggest the scene represented, and the needlework renders it in the most sensuously striking hues.

A little higher up in the scale comes the sort of art which we find in the Egyptian paintings. Here we get color applied with a certain rough accuracy to persons, dresses, plants, and animals. The faces and naked limbs are something approaching Coptic flesh-color; the clothes have a considerable *vraisemblance* of hue; the trees are green; the flowers red, white, and yellow; and the animals dappled or striped after nature. But there is little attempt at shading, while the pigments employed are still few in number and excessively bright in tone. Although color is no longer used for *purely* decorative ends, but is suggested by the natural appearance of the object delineated, it yet subserves indirectly a decorative purpose, and is accordingly intensified far beyond the natural degree.

The early Italian style gives us another step in advance.* I refer, of course, merely to its employment of color, for in other ways no comparison can be insti-

* I need hardly notice the fact that my arrangement is not meant to be in any sense chronological, but simply representative. We may find at the present day almost every stage of art co-existing in one country or another; and the fluctuations of æsthetic development have been so great that the mediæval school is really earlier in point of evolution than the classical school which preceded it. I have accordingly selected from all ages and countries certain typical stages which form an ideally continuous series, never actually exhibited in the history of any one national art.

tuted between two such different schools as the Egyptian and the mediæval. In its gilded backgrounds, its glittering halos, its serene blue skies, its pale green verdure, its purple, violet, and crimson robes, the early Italian school shows us still a strong love for purely decorative effects. After the lapse of so many years, the brilliant tints of Fra Angelico stand out with startling vividness on their panels even at the present day. But mixed with this mediæval love for gorgeous coloring, we see an increasing anxiety for truthful imitation. The shades of flesh are rendered with considerable skill, and many little touches show a distinct desire to subordinate the decorative to the intellectual element. Nevertheless, on the whole, painting is still a mainly ornamental art in the hands of ecclesiastical decorators. Its principal use is for frescoes, church adornment, or monastic purposes; and it aims more at general brilliant effect in architectural composition than at separate intellectual gratification.

And now, I think, these examples will have made clear the distinction which I wish to draw between imitative and decorative art. Though the process of differentiation has been slow, and is yet incomplete, we can nevertheless see the goal towards which each has been progressing and the sources of pleasure on which it relies. Decorative art, as exhibited in its latest examples — such as the artistic cretonnes, the delicate wall-papers, and the beautiful encaustic tiles which the new æsthetic revival is making familiar to us all — depends for its effect almost entirely on immediate sensuous gratifications; though these are often of a comparatively high order. It gives us abundant visual stimulation by its pure and exquisite colors, harmoniously combined; by its pleasant alternations of light and shade; by its novel tints curiously sought out and effectively disposed. It yields us the highest pleasure of form in its graceful, flowing, and continuous curves; in its lissom sprays of straggling foliage, which nevertheless lead on the eyes unresistingly through their most natural muscular sweep; and in its symmetrical disposition of fruit, and flower, and animal form. But in its purest and most evolved types it never attempts directly to imitate nature. At most it takes a hint from some natural object, which it *conventionalizes*, as we say — that is, renders in symmetrical arrangement and artificial coloring. Its sole object is to give us the largest possible amount of sensuous pleasure, by means of color — simple or

combined; and of form — sinuous or symmetrical. If it imitates nature, it does so only incidentally, and it owes nothing to the accuracy of the imitation.

Imitative art, on the other hand, may incidentally afford us similar sensuous pleasures, but in its most developed types it has shown a tendency to rely more and more upon the exclusively intellectual and emotional factors of æsthetic feeling. It takes some object in external nature, and endeavors to represent it on a plane surface, in color, in chiaroscuro, and in perspective. It tries to set the scene before our eyes as nearly as possible in its true lineaments, its actual relations, its total visible aspect. The whole growth of artistic *technique* has been the perfecting of this process. From the single plane of the Egyptians and the floating background of the Chinese, art has advanced to the scientific perspective of the present European style. From the primary colors of the savage and the brilliant hues of the mediæval artists, it has arrived at the comparatively sombre delineations of modern landscape painters. In doing so, it has become from day to day less decorative and more imitative. It has, to a great extent, given up the attempt to please us by bright primaries, by gilding, by symmetrical arrangement, by curves and wavelines not to be found in nature. It has largely abandoned the purely sensuous gratifications — except so far as these may be really found in the objects which it copies; and it has learned to rely on the intellectual pleasure of skillful imitation, combined to a slight extent with plot-interest and sundry complex emotional feelings.*

Of course we must not suppose that civilized men are less impressible than others by the immediate sensuous pleasures of form and color. On the contrary, they are far more impressible. Our latest modern fictile and textile products are calculated to yield the refined European a much higher pleasure than any which the savage can derive from his simple patches of red and blue paint. By combining, diversifying, and sustaining in due suc-

* I must once more beg the reader to observe that I do not say decorative and imitative art *ought* to differ in these specified ways, but merely that their most developed forms *do*, as a matter of fact, differ in such ways. I must also ask him to understand that I use the words "higher" and "lower," as applied to art, with no ethical connotation, but simply as synonymous with "more" or "less developed;" the test of development being, as usual, the degree of differentiation from the primitive form. Right and wrong, in art as elsewhere, can only deal with that which is consonant with or repugnant to our *moral* nature.

cession the various sense-pleasures, our æsthetic designers have learned how to afford a total of artistic gratification which no repetition of violent stimulants could equal or approach. But while in one direction we have perfected the æsthetic feeling which the savage seeks to arouse by his startling pigments, in another direction we have been endeavoring to perfect the extremely different æsthetic feeling which the savage seeks to arouse by his rude imitation of faces or animal shapes. And we have discovered on our way that the two pleasures, in their highest or most developed form, are practically incompatible. We have found out that we cannot, in one and the same artistic product, enjoy both the accurate delineation of nature, and also the stimulation of colors very much brighter and more pronounced than nature. The result has been that decorative and imitative art have necessarily diverged; and that the one has endeavored to give us sensuous beauty, unconnected with imitation, while the other has aimed at truthful representation, with comparatively little regard for sensuous effect. The last qualifying phrase, however, marks the fact that the distinction between the two has not yet been fully carried out, if indeed it is ever destined to reach completion.

The reason why this distinction has arisen, and has reached its present advanced stage, is clear enough. In every generation the more critical and intelligent have progressively noticed the most striking diversities between the representation and the thing represented, thereby urging on to a closer imitation of nature. At first this impulse would only affect the very widest diversities. A red tree or a yellow sky would soon strike even the early spectator as too utterly incongruous; but an ochre cow or a vermilion cheek would not appear to him absurd. Step by step, however, the drawing would become nearer to truth, and the coloring would approximate to nature, though much more slowly. Down to a very late time, after people have learned to expect correct drawing, they will still put up with very conspicuous and undeniable over-coloring. If we look at a few illustrations, taken up almost at the point where we left off before, we may see how slow is the differentiation between the two forms of art, and how long some tradition of their original unity lingers even in their most advanced stages.

The Japanese fan, which lies before me, hardly lays claim to the rank of an exclu-

sively imitative work. To a great extent its purpose is frankly decorative. In the foreground we have a lady dressed in violet, red, and light blue, feeding a dappled russet fawn. The whole background consists below of a massive field of green, covering by far the largest area in the entire fan. Above, the sky is represented of a clear red, shading off toward the horizon into white, lavender, and violet. A pink-blossomed tree overhangs it to the left, while a red scroll and a few violet figures break the monotonous verdure on the right. As a whole, this composition pleases even a European eye by its careful assortment of harmonies and its agreeable correspondence with the natural chromatic scale. Its inaccuracies of delineation too, though perceived, are forgiven, because we set them down at once as Japanese: we class the object in its proper place as a typical specimen of a partially developed national art. There is a certain quaintness in its very imperfections which in a way attracts us; but the attraction is rather ethnographical and scientific than æsthetic. We like such an object to decorate our mantelpiece or our whatnot, but we do not exhibit it in our galleries. Though its truthfulness of delineation is far above anything which the savage could appreciate, yet when judged by our developed standard of taste, it is seen to have sacrificed too much to mere sensuous stimulation for admission into the strictly imitative class.

A large portion of modern ceramic ware — excepting only the latest and most differential specimens — shows us a similar attempt to unite the two modes of æsthetic pleasure. A Sèvres has often a background of pure color, on which is inserted a medallion of white porcelain containing some sort of picture — a bunch of roses, a group of Watteau shepherdesses, or a landscape scene with figures interspersed. The object of the whole vase is decorative, and though the central picture has more or less imitative pretensions, it shares the same purpose as the remainder; a fact which is clearly shown by its bright colors and its intensification of the natural hues which it imitates. Similarly with Dresden statuettes and other quasi-imitative developments of plastic art in its inferior walks. All of them mix up some desire to gratify by brilliant coloring with the original design of imitative effect.

As we pass on to more directly representative art we see the prevalence of decorative coloring almost as conspicuously as before. If we begin at the lowest end

of the social scale, we find in the cheap German prints which adorn the walls of our peasantry a profusion of reds, purples, blues, and greens, evidently laid on with the principal intention of impressing the eye by a mass of pleasant tints, in the same manner as that employed by the old Egyptian artist. The laborer who buys such a picture wishes to see in it so much likeness to nature as will enable him to recognize its subject, besides finding an appeal to some simple emotion which comes home to his heart in its better or worse moods — baby crowing at the door in its mother's arms, or the huntsman holding up the baffled fox to its snarling and baying blood-enemies; but beyond this, he also demands that his picture shall have abundance of good bright coloring, so as to decorate his whitewashed wall and gratify his native love for pungent visual stimulation. A step above this, we find in the chromo-lithographs of the middle classes one perpetual blaze of golden sunset hues, Italian lakes as blue as gentian, mountain tops tinged with more than Oriental ruddiness, Alpine valleys over which a whole paint-box seems to have got loose indiscriminately, cataracts crowned by crystallized rainbows, and backed up with a solidified firmament of ultramarine. Of course the drawing here is immensely truer than in the German print, while the colors are immensely toned down and shaded off into one another; but the decorative purpose of the pigments is still undeniably conspicuous. Vermilion, carmine, lake, and orange wander at will over sea and sky and mountain. The intention of the lithographer is to strike a compromise; he wishes to keep as true to nature as he can in drawing and shading, but to give the largest consistent amount of coloring which can be combined with approximate accuracy. His products are partly imitative pictures, but they are also partly decorative furniture.

And dare we go on to touch the very ark of art, the water-colors and oil-paintings which hang upon the walls of our academies and exhibitions themselves? It is adventurous to do so; but we must remember that this is a question of positive fact rather than one of taste or of artistic *technique*. The point to be settled is simply this — Do our artists purposely select the brightest-colored subjects, and exhibit them in somewhat intensified tints; and do they do so with a directly decorative intention? I think the question only admits of one answer. We cannot look about us in any art-gallery without notic-

ing the constant choice of brilliant hues and the careful selection of scenes which will admit of their introduction. I am not criticizing this fact; I am simply stating it. Artists doubtless do quite right in representing the scenes which most gratify both themselves and their public; they only begin to do wrong when they try to convince us that their sole object is imitative. At the present stage of art, it cannot be denied that great pains are taken to introduce as much brilliant pigment as possible, without shocking the average sense of imitative propriety current in most of our educated classes. There are two ways in which this object is attained — first, by the choice of bright subjects; secondly, by the gratuitous introduction of colors, not found or only slightly hinted at in the object represented. I shall give a few examples of each.

In landscape, the decorative intention is shown in the constant selection of sunsets, bright skies, hazy atmospheric effects, red and purple tinged clouds, yellow mists, haloes round sun or moon, and other transient phases of light, in preference to the ordinary clear or dull daylight. It is equally conspicuous in the autumnal tints, the masses of purple heather, the blueness of the distant hills, the belted green and violet of the sea, the red and white cliffs which stand out massively in the foreground. We notice it again in the preponderance of Italian, Oriental, or tropical scenes, where brighter colors are admitted with greater readiness by the general public.* We very seldom find a piece of plain green and brown scenery, with a dull bluish sky, on the canvas of a painter; but we know by heart the "Lake of Como," the "Bay of Naples," the "Evening in Seville," the "Street in Cairo," and the "Sunset on Loch Lomond." Few and far between are the grey mountains, the brown gorse, the sombre stream running between dark rocks, the lake which does not mirror on its placid bosom the gay hues of eventide. Of course one finds these sometimes; but not nearly so often as the brighter subjects. Even then, they are generally represented under the influence of a thunderstorm, a mist, an early morn-

* As a matter of fact, I have learned from my own observation and the information of all trustworthy persons, that color is, on the whole, just as common in temperate north European countries as in Mediterranean or tropical climates; but the public generally is still a prey to the delusion of Italian skies and tropical flowers, so that it readily overlooks an amount of coloring on such subjects which it would regard as excessive in a simple French or English landscape.

ing, or an *effect* of some kind. Now this love for effects is an offspring of the decorative element in art. An effect is an opportunity for more color, for unusual color, for refractive tints of red, yellow, purple, and orange, which do not often crop out in the dispersed light of the noon-day sun. Such colors are the most exceptionally bright of any which we ever see in nature, and so they are introduced with a decorative intention in art. Our public — or rather its most cultivated class — has outgrown the stage where it will accept of brilliant hues which have not even a suggestion in the original to justify them; but it seeks for the greatest masses of warm tints which it can ever find in reality, and it demands that they should be transferred to canvas with just a trifle of artistic exaggeration. Why do we so seldom see Lugano at two o'clock of a winter's afternoon, or catch a glimpse of Snowdon on an average British sunshiny morning? Simply because the artist and the public both, not unnaturally, desire to seize them at their brightest and photograph their most adventitious tints in somewhat intensified pigments.

Figure painting shows us an exactly analogous choice of subjects. Our painters ransack the earth for "effective" drapery; for matting, carpets, cloaks, and upholstery; for "local coloring" of a brilliant sort. Moorish and Persian robes, early Italian dresses, Louis Quatorze costumes, Spanish mantillas and jackets, loose Nubian gowns and necklets of coin, Hindoo veils and bangles, adorn half the pieces in the *Salon*. Silk, velvet, slashed doublets, Elizabethan stomachers, bright-colored hose, scarlet uniforms, south-German petticoats, princes in stars, saints in Oriental purple, gipsies in red rags, and cardinals in full canonicals, jostle one another in their gilt frames. Every chance of a brilliant dress is seized with avidity, and the wardrobe of all ages and countries is put under contribution by the modern studios. A painter in search of a subject shows his decorative intention by hunting up a theme which will afford ample opportunities for the use of sensuously efficient pigments.

So much for our first point, the decorative nature of the subjects chosen for imitation. Let us look next at our second point, the introduction, for decorative purposes, of bright color not found in the original.

Lionardo said that a perfect picture should exactly resemble the reflection of its original in a mirror. That is to say,

Lionardo wished pictorial art to be purely imitative: or, at least, he said so; for there is sometimes a great difference between artistic profession and artistic practice. Our modern painters often give much the same account of their principles; but every plain, uncritical person knows that they introduce a great deal more color into their imitation than they ever found in nature. I don't blame them for doing so; on the contrary, I see that the public probably wouldn't look at their pictures if it was otherwise, and I praise them accordingly. But I insist strenuously on the positive fact that painters *do* introduce color for decorative effect. I have often stood and watched an artist in the very act of reddening a grey rock. If he is an unusually honest one, he will frankly admit that he does so because that point in his picture requires "warming up;" in other words, wants decorative additions. But he generally endeavors to convince us, on the strength of his abstract imitative theory, that the red tint is there, in spite of the evidence of our own eyes to the contrary. Of course it is just possible that artists may see colors very much more vividly than ordinary people: but that will not account for the discrepancy which ordinary people notice between the original and the copy. If we can't see a faint patch of red in the rock, why should we see it so plainly in the pigment? There is no way out of it. It must be intensified. I acquit the artist of deliberate falsification, but I cannot acquit him of perverse and perverted judgment in refusing to recognize his decorative wishes. Every faint hint of color is exaggerated into undue prominence. Every passing ray of sunlight is made to reveal a bit of bright lichen or faded russet leaf, which is usually merged in the dull brown of ordinary shadow. All the hills are glowing with purple and blue and ruddy pink, where nature generally shows them of a misty pearl-grey. If these devices will not suffice to "warm up" the picture, our artist throws in a bit of extraneous coloring — an old woman in a red cloak, a cow with a rich and glossy brown coat, or a couple of ruddled sheep, in strong contrast to the pale green of the surrounding meadow: Brightness of hue and harmony of coloring are still sought after for their own sake by all our painters, in spite of their constant assertion that their sole endeavor is the imitation of nature.

I cannot too often repeat that I find no fault with all this. Taste in art is simply relative to the likes and dislikes of the in-

dividual, depending ultimately upon his nervous organization; and I hope to show further on that the present development of our art is the natural and inevitable result of our existing position in time and place. It is absurd to say that artists ought to imitate nature, just as it is absurd to say that a Japanese fan ought to be more correctly drawn. Our painters aim at a mixed effect, partly intellectual through their skill in imitation, partly sensuous through their apt disposition of lines and colors. The one pleasure is just as legitimate as the other; and the only mistake that can be made is the positive one of denying the actual presence of decorative elements in existing pictorial art.

I will put a crucial instance, however, as artists—not quite recognizing their partially decorative intention—are rather slow to acknowledge that nature does not really contain all the color which they throw into it. If we wish to choose a summer resort for our holiday, where shall we go to see what it is really like? The very worst representation we can get (because the most incorrect) will be one of those flaring picture advertisements which we find upon the walls of railway stations. Its object is all but simply decorative; it lavishes the brightest pigments in the most impossible situations; it gives us absolutely snowy chalk cliffs, inexpressibly purple sea, and wonderfully pea-green meadows. Except that it does not probably falsify the main natural features in their general outline quite beyond recognition, it is useless for purposes of practical information. Next in order of unlikeness to nature comes the quasi-artistic chromolithograph. This gives us a few more intermediate colors, and a little better drawing; but it still sheds a wealth of primary tints over the scene which no human eye ever met in its waking hours. We feel at once that this, too, is quite untrustworthy as a guide to the reality. We turn to a water-color or an oil-painting, and we find to some extent in the latter and much more in the former that color is still bestowed with a generosity far exceeding the niggardly measure of nature. We really can't say whether the place itself will be pretty or not. We see a very beautiful and artistic representation, in correct drawing and perfect perspective, with a glow of color that affords immediate gratification to the eye; but we feel that it is an idealization, not a copy. Again, we take up the local guide-book, and when we find a wood-cut or engraving giving us a view of the

neighborhood, we are conscious that we tread at once on firmer ground. Of course the details have been exaggerated and the beauties artificially heightened, but the misleading element of color is wanting, and we know that the lines of contour cannot very widely diverge from the reality. Last of all, we get a photograph, "limned by the unerring sun," and we know with certainty what manner of place we have to deal with. Though the colors of nature are omitted, we yet find it far easier to read them into the outline before us from our general experience than to read out the idealized tints from the picture of the artist. If the photograph is not absolutely truthful, it is at any rate through no intention of falsifying or flattering that it goes astray. The sun never tries to make a pretty picture.

"So a photograph, then, is your highest ideal of imitative art!" says the critic, with that serene sneer of sarcastic inquiry for which he is so distinguished. By no means, because it is not art at all. It is merely the perfection of mechanical imitative representation, with the true element of color omitted. But it serves to bring out the decorative nature of our existing art in a very simple and conspicuous manner. Our pictures are not colored photographs, and we don't wish them to be so.

There is another criticism, however, which many people will be eager to bring forward. The admirers of the early water-color painters and their allies will say—"But you do not find these strong colors in Crome, in Girtin, in the early Turners, in David Cox." True perhaps: it is hard to say, since one must make great allowances for fading. But in any case, the example of one or two isolated names is not sufficient. All that I mean to assert is this—that nearly every existing development of art unites more or less the imitative and the decorative elements. In one instance you may find a greater preponderance of the one, and in a second instance of the other; but taking our art all round, you will find everywhere a decorative purpose still distinctly recognizable. Having arrived at this conclusion with such unanimity as may be attainable, let us go on to inquire into its origin and probable future.

There are two ways of reasoning upon æsthetic matters, by the objective and by the subjective method. The first proceeds by watching the average likes and dislikes of men generally, or of a particular nation, age, or clique, and then endeavoring to account for them on general or special

psychological grounds. The second proceeds by watching your own personal likes and dislikes, accounting for them transcendently to your own satisfaction, and then dogmatically asserting their absolute truth and moral superiority to everybody else's taste. In spite of the example afforded by many distinguished critics, I prefer to follow the former method of inquiry.

If we glance rapidly at the development of art in all times and places, we shall see that it has everywhere largely depended upon the prior stages already attained. There has never been a sudden leap from one style to another. The taste of each generation has been formed upon the artistic products of those which preceded it; and no single individual has ever departed very widely from the general practice of his predecessors. An Assyrian never sat down before a living model to study *chiaroscuro*, nor did a Chinaman ever take his easel afield to construct a system of natural perspective. The taste of each was on the whole sufficiently gratified, and his critical scruples sufficiently met, by the average workmanship of his countrymen and contemporaries. No Zeuxis ever arose at Memphis; no Raffaele ever sprang up suddenly amid the conventional artists of Byzantium. Cimabue led on to Giotto, and Giotto to the great painters of the Renaissance: but each change was introduced by slow and tentative degrees, or it could never have been introduced at all. The North American Indians who ask what has become of the other half in a profile, the negroes who object that a man in the foreground is bigger than a house at a hundred yards' distance, would not appreciate the sudden introduction of pictures representing every object in its real visible relations of position and magnitude. A mediæval critic would find our modern paintings dull and sombre; he would miss the brilliant tints and abundant gilding of his own school. A gamekeeper prefers the German print to the exquisite landscapes in the gallery of the castle.

Accordingly, the explanation of our existing stage in art-development is to be found in the circumstances of our place in the world's history. A differentiation has been going on for ages in a comparatively steady direction, and at a moderately even rate, though subject of course to those minor fluctuations which inevitably arise everywhere from the unequal incidence of surrounding energies. The point which we have now reached in this differentiation is just one step ahead of that which we

occupied yesterday, and just one step behind that which we shall occupy to-morrow. There may be a little reaction here, a somewhat accelerated rate of progress there; but, on the whole, the art of every nation and epoch exactly answers to the general sociological development of that race and period.

And what are the factors of our own position at the present day? We are the inheritors of all the knowledge and skill of Egypt, Assyria, Greece, Italy, the Renaissance, the modern world. We are not, as we hope and believe, at a period of decline and retrogression. We are going forward on the same general lines of progress as those which have raised us to our present height. But we are not suddenly and unaccountably transcending all prior experience and all earlier methods. Our science is built on the foundations of Galileo, and Newton, and Boyle, and Cuvier; our intellects are nourished on the thoughts of Plato, and Cicero, and Pascal, and Kant; our ethics are based upon the long traditions of Christianity and the slowly improving experience of past generations. So, too, our art-constructiveness and our art-criticism are the results of a long line of previous developments. The tastes and opinions of our artists and our artistic public upon æsthetic matters are largely formed upon the models of past years; though they also diverge from those models just so far as is necessary for the continuous stream of æsthetic evolution. The work of each generation is based on the teaching of the last, which it usually slightly improves, and hands on the improvement to its successors.

Now our modern art is derived, through the Renaissance, from the mediæval and classical schools. Ever since the early Italian revival, there has been, on the whole, a constant tendency for art to become more and more imitative, less and less decorative. Whatever may have been the practice of painters, they have always set forth as their theoretical principle the direct imitation of nature. The intellectual pleasure of accurate representation has gained ground daily over the sensuous pleasure of direct chromatic stimulation. But the tradition of the older schools has not yet wholly died away, nor is the artistic public prepared to let it die away. The critical principle that art *ought* to be more beautiful than nature is still tacitly held, though not always openly expressed, by most of our painters and critics. In other words, art of such a sort is more pleasing to them than any other. The habits of

their teachers and fellows, combined with the natural love for bright hues, make them prefer pictures with just so much extra coloring as we ordinarily see. More than this would offend their critical and intellectual tastes, because they have learned from their predecessors to expect a close adherence to the probabilities of nature: less than this they would regard as sombre and gloomy, because they still demand decorative effect, under the names of *warmth* and *harmony*.

Indeed, the whole controversy of realism and idealism in art is to a great extent a difference of opinion as to the imitative or decorative intention of painting. The idealists are those who would to some extent subordinate the former to the latter. The realists are those who prefer the intellectual to the sensuous and emotional element. Of course other considerations also intervene; but on the whole, the idealist is the champion of combined sense-pleasure and accurate delineation, while the realist is the champion of pure imitative skill. The one is just as right as the other, because each knows what pleases himself; and in art, whose sole province is that of pleasing us, there cannot possibly be any other test of right than each man's individual taste.

The general conclusion at which we have arrived is therefore this. In our present art there is very little pure imitative work which is not more or less mixed up with decorative additions. For many ages these two styles of art have been differentiating; but they have not even now become absolutely distinct. Decoration still borrows the forms of flowers, foliage and human features, though it conceals their lineaments by conventional treatment. Imitative art still employs color for decorative purposes, though it endeavors to use it as closely as possible after the fashion of nature herself in her warmer moods. Both the artist and the public demand this union, though they will not always confess it; and they would not be satisfied with a rigorously realistic representation of the exact colors found in the dullest natural scenes. We insist upon this particular amount of decorative intermixture and no other, because more coloring would shock our intellectual perception of similarity, while less would disappoint our expectation of sensuous stimulation.

Will the differentiation which has reached this point ever attain a higher stage? Will the imitative element ever be banished from ornament, and the decora-

tive element from painting? This is a difficult and a prophetic question upon which a great deal may be said from either side.

On the one hand it may be urged that the progress in either direction has been steady and regular during a vast period of past development; and it may seem unlikely that so uniform a movement should cease just at its present point. Under our very eyes we see a considerable step in the same path being taken both by ornament and by painting. Pottery and textile fabrics are beginning to discard the bunches of flowers, the landscapes, the figure pieces of former industrial art. Decorators are preaching loudly that "good taste" demands of all products not absolutely imitative that they should be entirely decorative. In needle-work, where nature cannot be represented with accuracy, the rulers of our artistic world are fast gravitating towards conventional patterns and artificial harmonies of tint: the shaded mosaic work of tiny square patches which used to cover so many yards of canvas is giving way to crewel-stitch and uniform coloring. In ceramic art, the rich hues and beading of Renaissance pottery are displacing the floral ornamentation and landscape scenes of the last half-century. In house furniture, a distinguished knot of artistic designers have introduced wall-papers and cretonnes on which diapered patterns, exquisite twining tracery, and powerful yet delicately-blended colors are substituted for the scattered pictures which covered our walls and our sofas until yesterday. The public is beginning to draw a hard and fast line on this side between imitation and decoration, and to expect that wherever ornament is borrowed from natural forms it shall be so conventionalized and adapted as to show at once its decorative intention. Instead of real flowers and leaves in brilliant bunches on a white background, our æsthetic purveyors now tickle our eyes with continuous patterns of richly-toned foliage, blossom, and fruit, rendered in symmetrical order and graceful curves, on a ground of some relieving and restful neutral tint. In short, the present tendency of decorative art is to become more distinct than ever from imitative painting.*

* Let me again warn the reader against the notion that any objective goodness or badness is asserted concerning this movement. It is a fashion which pleases me personally, and which, like many others, I am glad to follow; but it is none the less a fashion, not a principle or expression of objective truth. All art is good or bad relatively to the individual alone. To ask another man to conform to one's own standard of taste is in effect asking him to get himself a new nervous system.

Nor can I doubt that, on the whole, of late years, imitative art has simultaneously been growing less decorative and confining itself more strictly to the rigorous copying of nature. Individual instances there may be to the contrary; but most visitors to our exhibitions will probably agree that a more sober and immediately imitative style of coloring has been gradually growing both in the practice of painters and the estimation of connoisseurs. The movement towards differentiation is apparently affecting painting in the same way as it affects ornament, though doubtless to a less degree.

On the other hand, many plausible arguments may be brought against the probability of an ultimate and complete differentiation, at least within any reasonable forecast of future time. It may be said that while developed ornamental art has rejected, or is now rejecting, all direct imitation, it has always retained some likeness to animal and floral forms, however much disguised by conventional adaptations. There does not seem to be any reason why it should not continue in future to base itself upon these natural shapes, even if it take hitherto unexampled pains in asserting their purely suggestive character. So too, in the case of painting, it may be reasonably affirmed that the sensuous love for brilliant color is a more primordial and deeply-seated element of our æsthetic nature than the intellectual love for accurate imitation. It may easily happen, therefore, that even when the pleasure of direct chromatic stimulation has been minimized in imitative art, there will still remain a remnant to bear witness forever to its originally decorative nature. It seems hard to believe that painters will ever cease from choosing for their themes the most exceptionally brilliant scenes of the external world. It would appear natural enough to suppose that we should always most represent what pleases us most in its presentative form.

Perhaps an intermediate course will be the one actually taken in the future development of art. A more exacting and critical eye in coming generations may demand a stricter adherence to the coloring of nature in landscape and portrait, while it may retain somewhat of the older brilliancy in purely ideal pieces. There is little likelihood of any ascetic rejection of color on its own account. But when the

rising æsthetic school have reformed our houses in accordance with their own taste, it may perhaps happen that the public will find color enough in its decorative appliances, and only demand the intellectual pleasure of accurate imitation in its pictorial art. There will perhaps be sensuous stimulation sufficient for every eye in the encaustic tiles, the wooden parquets, the oaken wainscoting, the rich carpets, the deeply-tinted dados, the light and brilliant wall-papers, the delicate table-covers, the chintzes, curtains, cushions, banner-screens, and antimacassars; and it may become a pleasant relief to rest the vision and fix the attention upon a landscape or a figure painting in gentle and natural colors. Pictures might then cease to do double duty as art-products and decorative furniture. Landscape might become greyer and more truthful; historical paintings might grow less theatrical and more realistic; while general figure subjects might be chosen with less reference to costume and coloring than is at present the case.

However this may be, it is important to remember that art in every stage is exactly adapted to its public and its professors. The stage which we have actually reached is at each moment the one which we are best able to appreciate. In art, whatever is right; because to be right is merely to please one's public. I trust, therefore, that no reader will misunderstand my meaning and suppose that I would blame artists for the decorative coloring which I cannot help seeing in their work. I merely point out *that* it is there, and *why* it is there. Further than this no philosophic critic can go. To say that it is right or wrong is merely to say that the critic himself admires or dislikes it; a purely personal point which can very seldom be of any general interest to the outside world. Given an object and its representation, any man can decide upon the positive question whether or not, and how much, the copy reproduces the original. But no man can decide dogmatically just how much resemblance and how much decorative deviation other people ought to admire. It is the business of the critic to point out beauties or failures as he conceives them: it is the province of the psychological æsthetician to account for the average likes and dislikes of others as he finds them.

G. A.

From The Contemporary Review.

SIR WALTER SCOTT AND THE ROMANTIC REACTION.*

Is a strong attraction for a particular writer an advantage or a disadvantage in the attempt at an appreciation of his genius? Could the answer be received as disinterested, we would boldly avow the first view as our own. A strong literary partiality may disqualify the student of literature for any proportionate estimate of the particular mind which has fascinated him, but we cannot but consider it an adequate compensation for all limitation in critical power, that it lights up for him what is actually there. However, any expansion of this view would be a most unbecoming as well as impolitic prelude to a literary attempt of which it is the main justification. We will not provoke sceptics to question our vantage-ground by a preliminary *dodge* of its strength. We will rather frankly admit that whatever critical advantage lies in an impartial position must be at once disclaimed here. The beginning of our century was one of those wonderful literary eras which stand out like glowing Alpine peaks in any review of history; and we do not advance for our poet the claim that in that group to which its splendor is owing his figure is predominant. But could we, for our own part, recall one of those who made the time what it was, the poet who should be summoned back to a world he was not loath to quit should be Walter Scott. Doubtless we might revive a better man and a better poet in Wordsworth, a far keener genius in Byron, a deeper thinker in Coleridge, a more subtle spirit in Shelley. Yet in none of these do we find that indescribable delightfulness of nature which mingles like a perfume with the utterance of genius, blending our admiration for the creation and the creator, and making us doubt whether we love the writer for the sake of his work, or the work because it recalls the writer. Perhaps it is not thus that we feel towards absolutely the first-rate creations of genius. A dramatic genius, if perfect, is self-effacing. But, this concession made, we would ask if the sense of contact with a robust and spirited nature, distinct with absolute simplicity, and graceful in its frank modesty—if this is not to be taken into account in judging of works which would stand high on their own merits? Of how many men of genius

could you say what nobody, we suppose, would deny of Scott? How many modest men of genius has the world known? How many, of whom you could say that they were emphatically *men*? No one would have had so much excuse for the failings of genius, for no genius ever before met with such universal recognition and such solid recompense. And yet he—the most lionized of men—never, so far as we can see, allowed a taint of vanity or egotism to mar the genial frankness of his attitude to all the world. There are, no doubt, many men of genius of whose personality we do not gain a sufficiently distinct glimpse to discern either the presence or absence of modesty, but to feel at once that a man is pre-eminent in intellect, and that he is modest, is a literary experience belonging, we should say, almost exclusively to the readers of Sir Walter Scott.*

"That may have been an important fact to his friends and dependents," the reader may perhaps object, "but it is nothing to those who know him only through his books." This seems to us a delusion. The thing that showed itself in Scott's character as kindness to the insignificant and the lowly,—exaggeration of the powers of others, and depreciation of his own,—showed itself in his intellect as that perfect simplicity which is one of the finest characteristics of his genius. It is simplicity which gives his style both its rapidity and its pathos. He moves unencumbered by his own personality. We cannot say this of any of his great contemporaries. We are not denying that in some respects their interest for us depends upon the fact that we cannot say it. Their pictures of nature and of life are often made more interesting by the presence of an interesting personality. Still this particular charm is his more than theirs. To find Scott's peer in simplicity, we must go to the kings of the poetic world, and set him by the side of Shakespeare and Homer. We need hardly add that it is only in this single quality we make such a claim for him, but in this we make it fearlessly. The simplicity of the poet is as perfect as was the modesty of the man.

We dwell at length upon this quality in Scott because in the charming little volume which has called forth these remarks, *pride* is singled out as the distinguishing

* Scott. By RICHARD H. HUTTON. (*English Men of Letters*. Edited by JOHN MORLEY.) London: Macmillan & Co.

* "Not being endowed with the talents of Burns or Chatterton," he begins his autobiography, "I have been delivered also from their temptations." It is impossible to suspect him of affectation, even were affectation probable in a fragment of self-description, only to be read after the writer's death.

note of his character. Not standing on the level of our poet, we must not imitate him in saying that "we do not write for that dull elf" who imagines any distinction of contrast between pride and modesty; but we will venture to assert that they are much more often found together than apart. The man who is modest on his strong side is generally proud on his weak side. Take the first reserved, manly, sensitive person you meet, and it is a chance which of the two words you will be inclined to use in describing him. The sense of personal honor and that reticence which guards it may be expressed almost equally by either; and if self-suppression does not imply a low estimate of self, it always resembles and sometimes produces it. In the case of Sir Walter Scott, the two things, we believe, were mutually cause and effect.

In saying that Scott was singularly free from the faults of genius, we do not mean that he was faultless. He had great faults as a man, and these, like his great virtues, colored his genius and leave their trace on his works. Of the worldliness in his character we think Mr. Hutton speaks too mildly. It seems the main aspect that attracted the notice of Scott's great countryman, and impressed itself on the only attempt at an appreciation of the northern singer by an equal, if not a superior. From Carlyle's review of Scott we should suppose him to be a mere manufacturer of well-paid literary luxuries for the fashionable and indolent, — a varnisher of antique trash made, according to the facetious tale, to sell, — a mere lover of the world's high places and clever earner of the needful means of winning them. Such an estimate, proceeding from such a man, is a cruel blow to a great reputation, and it is no small part of the satisfaction we have had in the little book before us (which we have with utter astonishment seen criticised as repeating the estimate against which we welcome it as a protest) that it indicates a return in general feeling from the most exaggerated reaction commemorated in that review. But to protest against any injustice with effect we must recognize the fibre of truth, apart from which injustice has no coherence. Scott's was, we have said, eminently a manly nature. Everything about him is manly, whether we take that word in its nobler or in its more conventional sense. And the more manly a character is, the more handles the world finds in it. Courage, decision, spirit, self-control, are qualities which all men appreciate. They are the instru-

ments of successful action; the ladders by which the high places of the world are scaled. To be richly endowed with all that worldly men most prize and honor, and yet to be "unspotted by the world," is not impossible; but we must never expect to be able to say as much of one to whose other difficulties were added the tremendous temptations of genius. For while the manly nature supplies the soil where worldliness will grow, we may be very sure that the domain of genius is not unvisited by the winged seed, so swift to settle, so inconceivably hard to uproot. It is not less tempting to the son of a solicitor to become a baronet, a laird, and the founder of a family, because he is also a man of genius. When men of genius are indifferent to these things, they are more indifferent than other men. Wordsworth would have cared nothing for them, and so would Mr. Carlyle himself. On the other hand, when a man of genius does care for them, he cares more than most do. There is more imagination to reflect every object of desire; there is a greater variety of intellectual channels, and these deeper and wider, for all satisfaction to fill. Mr. Carlyle speaks of Scott's "vulgar worldliness" as if he had been a citizen of London aspiring to move from the east to the west, to see his name in the *Morning Post* at the tail of a list of dukes, to eat French cookery off gold plate, and have his wife's horses noted in the park. It is not just thus to confuse different shades even of what is contemptible. Worldliness it was, no doubt, to find his stimulant to literary activity in the hope of founding a line of Scotts of Abbotsford, but it was not exactly the same thing as if he had made it an object of ambition to live in Grosvenor Square. One great Scotchman might, in judging another, have made more allowance for what was national in his weakness. He whose nature vibrated to the touch of the past, may he not be judged more lightly for greed, if we must call it so, that reaches forward to the future? If his genius was steeped in images of grandeur, and the clans of Scotland were to find in him a singer who has made their dialect and their manners familiar to many generations, may he not find some excuse for having tried to set up his tawdry imitation of the antique Scottish home he has made familiar and dear to us all? It is easy to sneer at his stucco panellings, his scraps of armor and antique furniture, his bran-new castle, redolent of upholsterers' bills. The same imagination that revived a buried past invested all these things with the dignity of

a distant future. Edgar Quinet has imagined Homer creating the "Iliad" from some fragment of half-buried masonry, revealing to him a half-buried past to be peopled by his genius. The Cyclopean ruin, according to the brilliant Frenchman, gave the hint which a great genius, helped by vague tradition, developed into the tale of Troy divine. That seems to us a transplantation of modern growth to the soil of antiquity; but something like it was true of the poet who has some few but striking characteristics in common with Homer. And though it is a long way from a hoary ruin recording in its scars the tale of a fierce and stormy past to the bran-new trumpety of Abbotsford, still between the spirit that loves the one and creates the other there is the connection that exists between any right and healthful feeling and its distortion. If Scott could have been content with his position in the world of imagination and thought, if he had craved no tangible, material expression of his link to the far-away, he would not only have been a greater man, he would have been a far happier, a far more prosperous man. Ah! how paltry, how impotent, appear the objects of worldly ambition when they are seen with the reverted eye! But we must not allow this discernment, overwhelming as it is, to blind us to the ready alliance of these allurements with what is excellent. All that was good in Scott allied itself with the desire to be a holder of Scottish land. His genial hospitality, his sympathy alike with high and low, his love of the careless, free, open-air life, and his intense feeling for nature—all, in short, that gives charm to his writing, arrayed itself on the same side as vulgar ambition. Few of us are capable of measuring the danger of that alliance. Few can estimate the promise of the tempter when he whispers, "All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me." Only once in the world's history, we believe, was that promise heard, adequately comprehended, and entirely rejected.

Carlyle's harsh estimate, we must remember, was written before he had seen the last touching volume of Lockhart's life of his father-in-law. That noble and pathetic struggle with disease and poverty could not, we think, leave the severest condemnation unsoftened towards him who "still with the throttling hands of Death at strife," struggled to pay off a load of debt, and broke down under the gigantic effort. But the judgment, to which the unswerving desire is as the successful achievement, set a seal of acceptance on

his patient struggle. To Scott, in the mental weakness of incipient brain disease, was granted by a merciful Heaven the delusion that the hard work was over and the load of debt paid. We almost feel as if we ought to share this delusion; or, at least, in reviewing those years of solitude, of dreary, desolate effort, of the occupation which from a delight had become a torment, the enchanter's rod turned to a scourge, the only words that express our sense of a great spiritual victory are, "He hath received at the Lord's hand the double (*i.e.*, according to the true reading, the adequate punishment) for all his sins."

We cannot trust ourselves to dwell on those last years of one whose nature seemed formed for joy. But it is a weak shrinking. He was spared the awful fate of impunity. He was granted the privilege accorded by Heaven to its favored sons, of expiating all that was weak and unworthy by painful struggle—of exhibiting, side by side, the fugitive nature of those things for which he had striven and the enduring reality of that which he had gained almost unsought. High and low brought their tribute to his death-bed alike. "Do you know where he is lying, sir?" asked a poor man of Allan Cunningham when Scott lay dying, as if there were only one "he" in London; and the vessel which bore him to a milder clime, too late to revive his exhausted frame, was supplied by a government to which he was hostile. "The glory dies not, and the pain is past."

We ought not, perhaps, to wonder that the temptations of worldliness should fail of their due allowance from one who has never shown any capacity for feeling them. But when we turn from Mr. Carlyle's judgment of the intellectual status of his great countryman, we own ourselves as little satisfied as with his moral judgment. An intelligent Frenchman or German wishing to gain some knowledge of English literature, and studying for that purpose the "Miscellanies" of our great critic, would, we imagine, come to the conclusion that it was mere waste of time for any one who wished to disentangle only what is permanent from what calls itself literature, to make himself acquainted with Scott. "It was not," our investigating foreigner might conclude, as he closed the article Mr. Carlyle wrote for the *Westminster Review*,—"it was evidently not an outburst of any original or spontaneous genius which attracted so much attention. Scott translated Götz von Berlichingen, and, finding that pictures of mediæval life were attrac-

tive, went on copying cleverly what he had studied, and giving the English world unlimited doses of Götz and water, which rapidly became weaker and weaker. If his clever seasoning and the thirst of the time supplied an eager demand for the manufacture during his lifetime, it would clearly be a waste of time to taste it now." This imaginary decision embodies an honest attempt to put the effect of Carlyle's article into a few words, and we would ask any one who even glances at reviews, if it would not be an enormous mistake? There are a great many writers much deeper and more subtle than Scott whom a student of English literature might neglect with far less loss. It is dangerous, perhaps, to bring a comparison into one's own time, but we should venture to say that, from this point of view—not that of the lover of poetry, but that of the student of poetry as the interpreter of English life—a reader had much better leave the works of Tennyson unread, than those of Scott. The flower may be far more exquisite, but the plant is not in the same degree a characteristic of the soil. We do not imagine the future historian of the Victorian age will turn much to any contemporary poet to illustrate the reign which forms his subject. He may extract Tennyson's ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington, which rather illustrates the past than the present, and there may be one or two other pieces which would come in well enough to give a picturesque touch to some part of his narrative, but his treatment of the literary part of his subject will be curiously separate from the rest; and in the case of one who, according to our own view, is the greatest English poet of the last generation, the historian will look in vain for any point of contact whatever with the political and practical life of commonplace men. This is remarkably untrue of all the great English poets whose youth was contemporary with the French Revolution, and we do not think it would be so untrue of any as of Walter Scott. It was not that his allusions to contemporary events are particularly interesting. For our own part we can never get through "The Vision of Don Roderick;" and the monody on the death of Pitt and Fox, which seemed the most exquisite poetry in the world when read by a child about halfway between the present date and that of its being written, reveals, on a mature re-perusal, a good deal that we must confess to be somewhat trite. No, it is not his allusions to the men and events of the day that make Scott an interpreter of the life of his day. It is his sym-

pathy for a past suddenly become remote; it is the part of his nature that vibrated to an order of things doomed, indeed, everywhere to perish by more or less gradual decay, but which the great crash of the French Revolution banished with a sudden clamor of hatred and outcry that attracted the attention of the world, and, breaking up all other lines of division, arrayed the nations in hostile ranks according to the fears or the hopes roused by the new-born democracy of France.

We may measure its influence by turning for a moment to one on whose character and work that great convulsion set an indelible mark. A young contemporary and countryman of Scott hailed the dawn of that new day with no common joy. The ring of his spear on the shield of the noblest of English statesmen, driven in his old age by this new and terrible issue into the ranks of the retrograde party, attracted every ear, and roused the generous friendship of his opponent. The "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*" remains as an illustration of Wordsworth's lines, —

Bliss was it in that day to be alive,
But to be young was very heaven.

It commemorates the hopes, the tremulous, exaggerated anticipations, the terrible and crushing disappointments, of those who looked to this new era as the coming of the kingdom of heaven. One in whose veins flows the blood of Mackintosh cannot think without emotion of the strange stamp of irresolution, of hesitation, of dread of the absolute which that mighty disappointment set on his whole subsequent career, how the whole day's work was affected by the morning's dream, and when his evening came it closed on the incomplete work that marks the uncertain choice, and commemorates the glowing and passionate hopes to which history had given the lie. Before Napoleon by a blunder congratulated the wrong man on having written "the unanswerable answer to Burke," that answer had become a sad record of the fallacy of these hopes; and ever after, as it seems to his descendant, their recollection haunted him who that once, and never again, thought the issues of history exhibited the contrasted influences of Ahriman and of Ormuzd, who in his whole subsequent life exhibited the weakness and the strength of an anxious, perhaps an exaggerated, desire to keep justice unwarped by sympathy.*

* The above is the substance of an unfinished essay on the life of Mackintosh, by one whom the world will never be able to appreciate, but whom the present

It will not, it is hoped, be taken as a mark of personal feeling in the present writer to have introduced into an essay on the genius of Scott the name of one who was Scott's most assiduous visitor in the last sad visit to London,* when the sands of life were low for both, and the sense of a last parting just at hand touched every meeting with its solemnity, its tenderness, and its calm. They had taken different sides in the great dividing questions of the day, and their intercourse had been rare. But in that hour of dim sadness their very divergence became a bond, and Mackintosh, welcome for many reasons, was not the less welcome because he lured away the thoughts of his old friend into those green paths where politics cast no blight, and where each might feel, in the words of Scott's epitaph on Fox,

If ever from the British heart,
Oh now let prejudice depart,

and leave the hearts of two noble Scotchmen open to the binding and permanent interests from which none were more able than they to draw consolation and hope, even on the very edge of the Valley of the Shadow of Death.

The great movement of which the French Revolution forms the political summit has many sides, and an attempt to appreciate the genius of Scott demands a hasty glance at each. It implies — although in connection with that great event we can hardly say it exhibits — a new interest in individual life, a new respect for idiosyncrasy, and a minute and delicate appreciation for shades of character, both national and personal. Its tendency to develop sympathy with the lowly and obscure, though in reality only a part of the first-mentioned influence, is far more obvious, and is indeed but the literary side of modern democracy. On the other hand, a large part of its influence, and that which most concerns a critic of Sir Walter Scott, is to be traced in the reaction in favor of all that democracy undervalues and obliterates. The feudal past was never loved as it was just before France forever cast away all traces of feudalism. And finally — for a summary of such a movement crowded into such a space must be confined to these bare hints

— it exhibits a peculiar love and reverence for nature, in every sense of that vague word, most obviously in the simple outward sense in which alone a critic of Scott need consider it, but also in other shades of meaning more disputable and subtle, though probably, if their import were well weighed, not less valid. However, we have nothing to do with the last, and only mention that aspect of the movement because these other shades of meaning are so important that, even when they are not relevant, it is impossible to approach the subject without naming them.

Scott shows some trace of almost all these tendencies. But if we had to condense into a single phrase the part of this mighty movement embodied in his genius, we should say that that genius was animated by the sympathy with chivalry that was created by its death-blow. Such a summary omits so much that it must throw some undue importance on what it selects; we seem to pass over Scott as what he was so eminently, the painter of nature, and even to deny what he was not less eminently, the painter of humble life. Still we believe it states the most important thing about him. We must always be very careful not to confuse the spirit which admires a particular character with that character itself. Very often they are exactly opposite. The love of chivalry was, in Scott's mind, a love of the past. Of course it was quite unlike any feeling men could have known while that past was present. Nothing is more unlike the feeling of childhood than the feeling with which we revisit the scenes of childhood. Nothing is so unlike the spirit of the men who built castle or abbey as the spirit which delights to trace and restore their ruins. "I have never," says Scott himself, "been able to gain a good idea of a battle from a soldier;" and we have heard of a soldier who professed himself quite unable to recognize anything describing his own experience in the despatches recording an engagement in which he had taken part. The spirit that moves men to action is not the spirit that enables them to review action. No doubt Scott would have made a noble knight, a noble soldier. But then he would not have been the Walter Scott we know. If he could have *lived* his ideal he would not have *written* it. His genius, we may say, would not in that case have existed.

The description given above might perhaps be objected to on chronological grounds; we may be thought to antedate the feeling of which we make Scott the

writer can never lose an opportunity of naming with an undying gratitude and regret — Alexander John Scott.

* *I.e.*, during Scott's last visit to London, in 1830. "Sir James's kind assiduity," says Lockhart, "was the more welcome, that his appearance banished the politics of the hour on which his old friend's thoughts were too apt to brood." Lockhart was not too much inclined to give any tribute to Sir James Mackintosh.

representative. We may be reminded that he was a staunch opponent of the triumphant Washington when he had scarcely ceased to find his dearest playfellows in the lambs on his grandfather's farm; and if the enthusiasm of the young politician should be set aside as worthless (which for our part we should not allow), there is plenty of indication throughout Scott's youth* of the strong bent of his sympathies, while as yet the floods had not descended or the waves beat, and the house that was soon to fall with a mighty crash seemed founded on a rock. But we must never think of that or any other great event in history as something unpreluded through years when our ear marks no announcing chord; a finer organ or a more attentive listener would be prepared for the crash of sound—harmonious or discordant according to our sympathies—which announces a new movement in the great symphony of the ages. Chesterfield's celebrated prophecy dates from the middle of the century which closed with its fulfilment, and the assertion that in 1753 "all the symptoms I have ever met with in history previous to great changes and revolutions exist and increase in France" is one of many proofs that the eighteenth century was above all a preparation for the French Revolution. Throughout all that period men were unconsciously ranging themselves for a great conflict. More or less we fix every one's position by the question—Did he advance or did he resist the principles of the Revolution? It is true many, in our own country perhaps most, of those who had prepared the enemy's march, were startled when they found themselves fighting by his side. Gibbon, for instance, was one of those whose influence we should describe as making the rough places plain for the invader, yet when he came the spirit of democracy was "the blackest demon of hell." Now this same mighty influence that bid men work for a great breach with the past told on the generations who felt it, in heightening an affection for the past that was thus to be cast off. We shall often find in history and in our own individual lives that there seems to have been a spirit of foreboding in the air; we knew not why the moments were precious till in looking back we see the coming death or estrangement mark off that time as something the years were not to repeat for us. Something of this spirit seems to us to have moulded the genius of Scott. He hardly

lived really to see the French Revolution, for we should say that only our own generation have reached a point whence they may look back and discern the clear outline against the sky. He lived amid its stir and throb; he knew not how profoundly, how permanently it was to influence the modern world, but unconsciously he turned with the tenderness of farewell to that great system of things it was to sweep away, and, like a painter in a foreign land, where he knows his sojourn will be short, he flung with hasty hand its lineaments on his glowing canvas. We may be told that all he cared for was to see his pictures framed and glazed at the most advantageous position in the dealer's shop. True, in a sense—in a very important sense. But still it is also true that he painted a past made dearer to him by its unlikeness to the spirit of all around him which stirred his forebodings and opposed his taste.

This spirit, that looks on feudalism, on chivalry, on the whole mediæval world, against a modern background, found many exponents at that day. Lockhart's page is crowded with their names. Ellis, Percy, Ritson, all the lovers of our early ballad literature, were spiritual brothers of Scott, as most of them were his friends. We should, for our own part, be inclined to find its first eminent representative in Gray. An interesting article in the *Saturday Review*, some years ago, called attention to the fact that the well-known verse in the "Elegy" commemorating the possible eminence of many forgotten sleepers in the country churchyard, was at first filled with classical names. Gray had written at first of

Some village Cato, who with dauntless breast

The little tyrant of his fields withstood,

Some mute inglorious Tully here may rest,

Some Cæsar, guiltless of his country's blood.

This interesting fact seems to us at once to fix Gray's position, and to mark the change that was passing over the spirit of literature in his day. As the stanza is here written, it belongs wholly to the ideal of history according to which the only interesting past is the classical past. Gray was the first writer who, himself moulded on that classical past, yet shows an especial interest in the dawn of a Christian civilization. "The Bard" is the herald of a new era. That the barbarians of Wales had their literature was a discovery characteristic of the coming age. Everywhere an interest was to arise for what was in a special sense national, what we might

* He was born in 1771.

say was vernacular, what led the reader away from the broad highway into the narrow footpaths of literature, where an unsuspected flora lurked beneath the shade of the brushwood, and ballads commemorated the names of those to whom history had accorded no epic. The taste for savage life, so curiously characteristic of the most artificial period of our literature, now allied itself with history, and men turned from the remote but dazzling past of Rome (as for that of Greece, it did not attract much attention in the kind of literature we are contemplating) to a nearer and yet dimmer past—to the early twilight of national life, when the birds sang in the dewy dawn, and the stars had hardly ceased to be visible. The fragrance of this early morning-time seems to us to haunt the poetry of Gray like some subtle essence, but it is the spirit of recollection, not of experience, in which he exhibits it to us. It was the contrast of the life Gray painted in "The Bard" to the life of the coffee-house and the common room which made the picture he painted. Till the eighteenth century, the past—the romantic, Gothic past—wanted its background. No doubt a still more remote past, if we judge by chronology, was known well enough, but that was the knowledge of similarity, not the interest of contrast. Horace was the contemporary of the men of that day. The songs which Percy and Ellis collected belonged to a generation far away from all their thoughts and cares. The charm of the far-away, characteristic of a weary age, most especially characteristic of our own, began, to be felt in the eighteenth century. Oh, arid, staring noon, where shall we escape from your prosaic monotony? How shall we revive the sweet glimmering uncertainties of day-break? This was the feeling which made men turn to the dawn of a Christian civilization. The great literature of Rome offers nothing to satisfy this craving. We must turn, to satisfy it, to the songs that delighted the infancy of our own and kindred nations—to the springtime of our own year.

We have spoken of Gray as the herald of the new era, and we think the proof of a readiness in commonplace minds to move in this new direction is to be found in the contemporary and fellow-traveller of Gray—the despised Horace Walpole—a name we cannot mention without adding that we consider the contempt unjust. However, we must not linger to justify that impression, for he is produced here only as a witness to the dawn of antiqua-

rianism. The astonishment of Mr. Seward (father of the vain and irritable Anna, afterwards Scott's correspondent) at finding a sane man hunting up old rubbish in the lumber-room at Ragley, in 1758, may stand as a sort of milestone of the time when it was a surprising taste to care for old books and furniture, and yet when a man of no great originality had such a taste. But Walpole, it may be objected, only cared for old helmets and gloves, and such like trumpery. He did care a good deal about trumpery, but it was part of a real appreciative interest in the past, and everything that bore record of it. His "Description of the Villa of Horace Walpole" (1772) commemorates the first expression of any attempt at reproducing the Gothic architecture which men had to imitate foolishly before they learnt to love, at a time when people cared so little about it, that when he applied for some old tiles from Gloucester Cathedral that were being thrown away, the canons, who "would not allow them to be put to any profane use," destroyed them in preference. His "Castle of Otranto" (1764) may be regarded as the predecessor of all Scott's novels. It was the first romantic sketch of the life of the past, taken from a strictly modern point of view, and was one of the books devoured by Scott as a boy of thirteen or fourteen, in some inaccessible nook on Arthur's Seat on Blackford Hill. This dawning feeling for a life the name of which had become a mere synonym for tasteless barbarism may be symbolized by its appearance in these well-known fellow-travellers Walpole and Gray, and the *dilettante* is not unworthy to be mentioned beside the poet, if only from the magnanimity which expiated his boyish impertinence in its frank and humiliating confession.

The taste of which we have thus marked the rise had grown to a strong and broad current of feeling when Scott, as a boy of fifteen (1786), had his only meeting with the poet whose genius did so much to feed it, and with whom, in the spirit of humility so characteristic of himself, he deprecated any comparison. The youthful Scott had the proud satisfaction of satisfying the poet's curiosity as to the author of some lines which, placed beneath an engraving in the house of the friend where his meeting with Burns took place, representing a dying soldier, had, in conjunction with their illustration, moved the impressible poet to tears. The verses have nothing remarkable about them, but most of us have ex-

perienced the sudden rush of unexpected emotion at some touch reviving or creating, by means apparently quite inadequate, a realizing sense of the misery of the world. The incident is one of the most interesting in the life of Scott, and we reflect with pleasure that Burns must have cherished some interest in the lame modest boy who could give him the name of a poet as little known as Langhorne, and in whose sweet and winning aspect he doubtless felt the charm which in later years drew to Scott so many simple hearts. But we cite this fragment of biography here for its significance as a landmark in the development of the new spirit we aim at following out, and of which the fame of Robert Burns forms an advanced stage.

It was only ten years later that he began his translations from the German, which certainly gave the first suggestion to his genius, and revealed to him his destined rôle in the great literary movement of his day. Nevertheless we should say that Byron's name for him, "the Ariosto of the North," was a truer indication of the real affinities of his genius than the fact that he was a translator from "the elegant author of 'The Sorrows of Werther.'" Götz von Berlichingen may be the spiritual father of Quentin Durward and his allies, but we could have spared them and still kept the best of Scott. Sometimes we are even tempted to doubt whether it was not a misfortune that his first essay tempted him on to foreign soil, and to suspect that his work would have been more enduring if his genius had been confined to the soil where it flourished best—that of his native land. However, his German phase was significant as an indication of the place German literature was to take in the coming age. At the end of the last century a paper read by the author of "The Man of Feeling" (1788) revealed to the literary world of Edinburgh, says Scott, "the existence of works of genius in a language cognate with English, and still more closely approaching Lowland Scotch." We have known an old Scotch lady, ignorant of German, who declared after a visit to Germany, that she found no difficulty whatever in making herself understood; and whether she flattered herself or not, there is no doubt that a German would guess at the meaning of Scotch much more successfully than at that of English, while the intellectual differences between the inhabitants of the northern and southern half of our nation draw the Scotch near the

Germans in other respects than that of language. The discovery of German literature formed, indeed, a sort of second Renaissance; and in 1792 a class was formed, consisting of Scott and several of his friends, for the prosecution of this "new learning." Scott's interest in German life had been awakened some years before: his assistant in his vain but persistent attempts to acquire some power over the pencil was a Prussian Jew whose father had been a commissary, "or perhaps a spy," in the armies of Frederick the Great, and young Scott heard from his drawing-master many a picturesque tale of the great general's battles, far more valuable to him than the precepts of his art had they been ever so successful. He now turned with ardor, if not with industry, to the acquirement of this new lore, and it needed the classic severity of taste of his friend Erskine (well known to all readers of "Marmion") to hold him back from the "extravagances" of the literature which charmed him, for so it impressed the minds that were moulded on the great writers of Rome. Mrs. Barbauld has the honor to have first applied the match to this well-arranged pile, and her credit is the greater that her reading at Dugald Stewart's, in 1795, which was the origin of his first essay, was only made known to him at second hand by a friend who had formed one of the audience, and whose account fired him with an eagerness that knew no pause till he acquired a copy of the original German ballad from which she had read William Taylor's translation—Burger's "Lenore." Thus originated his first attempt at published verse. The fact that a great part of the edition of Scott's translation of Burger's ballads was consigned to the trunkmaker is less important as an index of the taste of the day than that which was partly its cause—that many translations of the same poem appeared at the same time. And Scott, undaunted by the failure, and encouraged by the sympathy of many whose sympathy was worth more than the applause of the public,—his rival, William Taylor of Norwich, among them,—pursued his way, and his translation of Götz von Berlichingen (1799) was an event of no small importance as a landmark in the history of literature, although the ridicule then showered by the genius of Canning on the German drama helped to consign the translation itself to oblivion.

The avowal that Carlyle's view of Goethe's influence on Scott has some of the exaggeration natural to one who has

done more to make German literature known to us than any other writer now alive would excuse any critic of Scott from an attempt even to give a name to the most prominent characteristics of that literature; and in the present writer such an attempt would be presumptuous as well as irrelevant. So far as Scott presents any marked characteristics of the German mind, it is only because they are also the characteristics of the Scotch mind, or indeed of the whole Teutonic race, of which we are ourselves a branch. However, in any study of the movement we are tracing, these broader differences are of great importance, and a word may be given to them in passing.

Will it be thought fanciful if we fix on a trifling distinction of dialect noted by Tacitus between his race and ours as a type of their radical divergence? "They do not reckon by days, as we do, but by nights, for they consider that night leads on the day." The sense of mystery, of awe, of all that is awakened and typified in that nightly plunge of our planet into the shadow which reveals a heaven strewn with glittering worlds, where daylight shows a mere background for vagrant clouds — this we believe is the element that is wanting to the most characteristic thought of Rome (we are not, it must be remembered, including the literature from which Rome borrowed), and is predominant in the most characteristic thought of the Gothic world. Its expression, in the architecture which bears that name, is an unquestionable utterance of the spirit we would here indicate — the round and the pointed arch, side by side, expressing severally the feeling that returns to earth, and aspires to heaven — the contrasted genius of the people whose most characteristic remains are to be found in the road, the aqueduct, and the triumphal arch, and in the castle and the abbey. And the genius of one to whom hoary castle and ruined abbey were the most appropriate material, and who has set them against the imperishable background of blended poetic and historic feeling, is colored throughout by that sense of mystery which nowhere emerges into prominence in his writing. Scott's genius was rooted in a firm belief in the invisible — not a very deep belief perhaps, but one that came very near some of his thoughts, and insensibly affects them all. He was above all a Scotchman, and Scotland is not more the "land of the mountain and the flood" than she is of stern faith and intense belief in a whole unseen universe. We cannot say that either of these things

is manifested in the writings of this best-known of Scotchmen; the faith is conventional — the belief in the world of thought is concealed by the luxuriant overgrowth of a rich and vivid interest in the world of sense. But they know little of the nature of faith who deem that its indirect influence is worthless. As well might you suppose that before sunrise or after sunset the sky would show no purple or golden hues, no hope or memory of the hidden orb. The dimness of a passing cloud, that seems rather to efface the shadows than the lights on the landscape, is not more distinct from the blackness of a cloudy midnight than unconscious faith from disbelief in the invisible. The God of our fathers grants his faithful servants the inestimable privilege of bequeathing the influence apart from the possession of their faith, and the children of those who have died for the right to worship him, though they ignore and deny him, yet remain in a sense his witnesses. Scott had not much definite faith of any kind. His picture of the Scotch Covenanters has been censured for irreverence, quite unjustly in our opinion; and we regard his picture of the torture and death of one of them as his finest contribution to the history of his country. Still he had but little sympathy with the religious fervor which marks that history, on whichever side it was displayed, and in his horror of "enthusiasm" he is a true son of the eighteenth century. Nevertheless, the genius of Scott could have grown only out of the soil of a rich and deep faith. The feudalism he loved was at once softened and animated by its loyalty to the Church, which enlisted all the sympathy of his taste as much as it alienated the sympathy of his reason; and that loyalty to a fallen house, which will ever be associated with his pictures of the last struggles for its restoration, borrows a softer lustre from the rays of that earlier feeling, sunk below the horizon, and never again probably to shine upon the path of history. It is a strange thing that the emotions painted by Scott should find their most poetic expression in a few lines from the pen of the most prosaic of historians, and one whose great work was an enthusiastically Whiggish picture of the fall of that house for which Scott cherished so gracious a sympathy. Macaulay's epitaph on a Jacobite, however, seems to us to express so exactly the tone of Scott's Jacobitism, that in spite of the oddness of illustrating the Jacobitism of a Tory poet by the verses of an eminently Whiggish and eminently prosaic historian,

we give the lines here. The epitaph, which is supposed to be inscribed on an Italian tomb, seems to us the most, and, with the exception of the verses on his own infancy, the only poetic utterance that ever proceeded from the pen of Lord Macaulay; and the fact that they are a merely dramatic expression — that his whole sympathies were enlisted on that side in combating which his Jacobite gave “lands, honor, wealth away” — makes them all the more a representative of the spirit of “Waverley” and “The Bride of Lammermoor.”

For my true king I offered without stain
Courage and faith — vain faith and courage
vain;

For him I gave lands, honors, wealth away,
And one sweet hope that was more prized
than they;

For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's
prime;

Heard in Laverno Scargill's whispering breeze,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep;
Till God, who tried me sore — too sorely —
gave

The resting-place I craved, an early grave.
Oh thou whom chance leads to this nameless
stone,

By that dear country which was once my own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that proud language which I spoke like
thee,

Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear,
On English dust — a broken heart lies here!

It must be noted that the divergence of feeling and reason, which we have quoted these verses to exhibit, is eminently characteristic of Scott's sympathy with the past. He once gave this as his reason against undertaking a history of Queen Mary, — and it is a very valid reason against undertaking the history of any period, — that judgment and sympathy are on different sides, but we think it an advantage for a *dramatic* view of the past. A Fergus Mac Ivor, endowed with Scott's genius, could not have given forth an equally vivid and brilliant picture of the struggle in which he was ready to fight and die. We do not say that such a picture would not have a very vivid interest — it would form the most valuable material alike for the historian or the dramatic writer. But it would not be a work of art.

It is the balance of genius and good sense — the harmony of a cool shrewdness of intellect and a glowing fervor of imagination, which gives Scott's picture of the death of feudalism its peculiar mellowness and force. In speaking of the death of

feudalism we include, indeed we specially have in mind, the fall of the Stuarts. It would be a very narrow and superficial survey of history which should confine the limits of the phase of society which, for want of a better name, we sum up in that word, within those ages which bear its name. The Middle Ages are the feudal ages, but we are yet living in the late twilight of feudalism. Those only can refuse to recognize the influence of its fading light whose eyes, turned from the west to the east, like the watchers in a northern summer, discern the approach of a new day. The evening of every age in history is, indeed, like that of which our poet wrote in the graceful verses which he sent to the Duke of Buccleuch from his voyage in the Hebrides, that

Morning weaves
Her chaplet with the hues that Twilight leaves.

The east is radiant before the west is dark, and those who watch the growing light will generally be blind to any other. Nevertheless, we suppose it would be generally granted that in England the feudal past is still a mighty influence which no one could ignore without a complete misunderstanding of even the political life of our country. It is waning fast, no doubt; it may be that to our children it will have become an influence to be thrown out of account. But it fades slowly, and its twilight is yet clear around us. The fall of the Stuarts marks a great era in its decay. It ends the stage of unreasoning loyalty; from henceforth the throne is no indefeasible inheritance, but a position imposing duties as well as conferring rights; and the terrible emphasis with which France repeats the lesson has deafened us to its first utterance in our own country. It is the interval between the English and French Revolution which appears to us to exhibit best the outline of Scott's historic sympathy, against the background of his judgment. With the French Revolution he had no sympathy whatever. With the English Revolution he had a partial sympathy; he was compelled to approve it by the dictates of his excellent sense. But the element of taste and feeling, predominant in the second act of the great drama, was latent thus early, and from the first his dramatic sympathies array themselves on the side which judgment condemns. Thus the double feeling supplies the place of impartiality, and art has the mellowing atmosphere it needs.

In the foregoing attempt to set forth Scott's position as a representative of his-

toric life and feeling, we have already indicated the most marked traits of his genius. But it remains to make some more direct attempt in this direction, an attempt, however, which we gladly find almost superseded by the little volume which has suggested the present attempt. Mr. Hutton's appreciation of Scott as a poet seems to us full of subtle insight and balanced judgment, and an elaborate criticism on our own part would to a considerable extent repeat his, which is especially welcome to us, we must repeat, as a protest against the injustice of one whose very injustice we note with reverence. Mr. Carlyle, in the article to which we have made frequent reference, imputes to the writings of Scott an intellectual poverty which, from his point of view, is undeniable. "The sick heart," he says, "will find no healing here; the darkly struggling heart no guidance; the heroic that is in all men no divine awakening voice." We do not think the judgment even quite true; and even where it is true, it is unjust. One who holds the key that lets the weary spirit out of its dungeon of petty cares and gnawing anxieties into a sunny garden, is not devoid of healing influence. Others, no doubt, have taught us more, — others have implanted germs of deeper conviction, of finer speculation, of a far more pregnant and powerful range of thought. But in certain moments we feel as if even these things could not make up to us for that sense of transplantation to another soil, — for the tear that starts at sorrows not our own, and yet grants our own the wonderful relief of a half-transmuted expression, and makes us question whether the relief lies in what that rush of emotion helps us to remember or to forget: —

Πατροκλον προφασιν, σφιν δ' αὐτων κηδε ἑκαστη.

And if the perplexed spirit finds no counsel in Scott's healthy and simple pages, how many a one has gone back to the perplexities of life with a fresher eye, because that rapid, simple, vivid narrative has woven a temporary curtain between those problems and the eyes that are weary of poring over them? The troubles of this life, after an hour with Scott, are what they were. The riddle of the painful earth is as far as ever from being solved; we have found no rushlight even to throw its ray upon the gloom. But we have been far away, and everything looks different. And there is no question that if his peculiar gifts are worth less than valuable thought, they are also rarer. That broad objective painting, that clear representa-

tion of simple feelings, that rapid movement, that sense of life and stir, which we find everywhere in the best writing of Scott, we find almost nowhere in the literature of our own day.

We would say the same of his pathos. The literature of the day — even the best literature of the day — seems to us greatly wanting in this quality. Its poverty in this respect is closely connected with its wealth in that which we have just quoted. Pathos is inseparable from reserve, it is felt in its highest measure in the presence of a dumb suffering, and the triumph of genius is to paint this dumb suffering in few words, and make the reader feel as he feels in the presence of one who represses tears, to convey a perception of emotions only half clothed in words, or rather of words which are, as Sir Fitzjames Stephen has finely said, "like the signs of prisoners to each other," — faint suggestions beyond which lies a world of secret meaning, intelligible to him who has the key. We suppose this was what Pitt meant when he said that "he should not have conceived it possible that this sort of feeling" — *i.e.*, the description of the last minstrel as, with feeble and uncertain fingers he attempts the lay — "could have been expressed in words." If it were not a disrespectful way of speaking of a great man's utterance, we should say it was about the worst criticism ever made in a very few words on a fine passage; for it implies that "this sort of feeling" might be expressed by either painting or music, and it seems to us that the minstrel's emotions are equally unsuited to both. We give the well-known lines, that the reader may, if he please, side with Pitt against us.

The humble boon was soon obtain'd;
The Aged Minstrel audience gain'd.
But, when he reach'd the room of state,
Where she, with all her ladies, sate,
Perchance he wish'd his boon denied;
For, when to tune his harp he tried,
His trembling hand had lost the ease
Which marks security to please;
And scenes, long past, of joy and pain,
Came wildering o'er his aged brain —
He tried to tune his harp in vain!

Amid the strings his fingers stray'd
And an uncertain warbling made,
And oft he shook his hoary head,
But when he caught the measure wild,
The old man raised his face, and smiled;
And lighten'd up his faded eye,
With all a poet's ecstasy!
In varying cadence, soft or strong,
He swept the sounding chords along;

The present scene, the future lot,
His toils, his wants, were all forgot.
Cold diffidence, and age's frost,
In the full tide of song were lost ;
Each blank, in faithless memory void,
The poet's glowing thought supplied ;
And, while his harp responsive rung,
'Twas thus the Latest Minstrel sung.

What Pitt meant, probably, that this sort of feeling could not be expressed by *his* words, is profoundly true. Pathos is so inaccessible to no man as to the orator. How can he who is nothing when he is not emphatic understand the power of him who is nothing when he is emphatic? The same person might as well undertake to beat the drum and touch the harp as to stir the passion of the crowd and rouse the emotions that respond only to some delicate touch that we forget in the rush of feeling that it excites, knowing not if the sudden tear starts from some fountain hidden in the shadows of memory, or is evoked by the simple image set before us. It was some dim perception in the great orator, probably, of a power of words new to him and unattainable by him, that found vent in a remark which, however inappropriate absolutely, is full of interest on his lips, and points out the true aspect of the poet to the man of eloquence. And we recall with satisfaction how the tribute was repaid, how the poet brought his laurel wreath to the freshly closed tomb, and sang, in verse, which though we have admitted its sentiment to be somewhat trite, will yet, we believe, last as long as the fame of the statesman it celebrates ; of the new Palinurus, whose dying hand never slackened on the rudder when the storm was highest, and the rocks were just ahead. Neither poet nor orator knew of the tribute each paid to each, but they were kindred souls, and their fame, we believe, will be coæval.

Mr. Hutton's criticism on the passage which moved the admiration of Pitt seems to us so full of truth and beauty that we will allow ourselves to quote it, as a comment on this illustrious admiration : —

The singular depth of the romantic glow in this passage, and its equally singular simplicity — a simplicity which makes it intelligible to every one — are conspicuous to every reader. It is not what is called classical poetry, for there is no severe outline, no sculptured completeness and repose, no satisfying wholeness of effect to the eye of the mind, no embodiment of a great action. The poet gives us a breath, a ripple of alternating fear and hope in the heart of an old man, and that is all. He catches an emotion that has

its roots deep in the past, and that is striving onward towards something in the future ; he traces the wistfulness and self-distrust with which age seeks to recover the feelings of youth, the delight with which it greets them when they come, the hesitation and diffidence with which it recalls them as they pass away, and questions the triumph it has just won, and he paints all this without subtlety, without complexity, but with a swiftness such as few poets ever surpassed.

It is the last word which conveys our own feeling of the essential quality of Scott's style. Perhaps the reader will think it a poor thing to say of any poet that he moves more quickly than others. If what is said of pathos be true, he must allow, however, that almost the most characteristic gift of the poet depends on this capacity, or is at least closely connected with it. The pathetic writer must have quitted a point almost as soon as you are aware that he has touched it. It is very dangerous to quote passages for their pathos ; like the lesser stars, this quality is apt to become invisible under direct attention — indeed, the sense of being taken unawares is almost an element in it. But the following passage, descriptive of the commonplace perils and hardships in the life of the lowly, seems to us to unite this quality in no common degree with so many others characteristic of Scott's genius, being one of the few, moreover, in which we trace a reminiscence of Burns, that we will venture to insert it : —

When red hath set the beamless sun,
Through heavy vapors dank and dun ;
When the tired ploughman, dry and warm,
Hears, half-asleep, the rising storm
Hurling the hail, and sleeted rain,
Against the casement's tinkling pane ;
The sounds that drive wild deer and fox
To shelter in the brake and rocks,
Are warnings which the shepherd ask
To dismal and to dangerous task.
Oft he looks forth, and hopes, in vain,
The blast may sink in mellowing rain ;
Till, dark above, and white below,
Decided drives the flaky snow,
And forth the hardy swain must go.
Long, with dejected look and whine,
To leave the hearth his dogs repine.
Whistling, and cheering them to aid,
Around his back he wreathes the plaid ;
His flock he gathers, and he guides
To open downs, and mountain-sides,
Where, fiercest though the tempest blow,
Least deeply lies the drift below.
The blast, that whistles o'er the fells,
Stiffens his locks to icicles ;
Oft he looks back, while, streaming far,
His cottage window seems a star,
Loses its feeble gleam, and then
Turns patient to the blast again,

And, facing to the tempest's sweep,
Drives through the gloom his lagging sheep;
If fails his heart, if his limbs fail,
Benumbing death is in the gale;
His paths, his landmarks, all unknown,
Close to the hut, no more his own,
Close to the aid he sought in vain;
The morn may find the stiffen'd swain;
His widow sees, at dawning pale,
His orphans raise their feeble wail;
And, close beside him, in the snow,
Poor Yarrow, partner of their woe,
Couches upon his master's breast,
And licks his cheeks, to break his rest.

We would venture to say of these lines that if any one finds them uninteresting he need never read a line of Scott's poetry again. The interest of Scott's narrative (wanting here, it is true) is hardly large enough to rouse any one who finds no merit in the broad, simple, vigorous painting of this passage — the sense of the characteristic aspects of nature given with a word, the sympathy with what is common, the firm touch as with a rapid sweep of his brush he paints the winter sunset, the cottage whence the shepherd is summoned forth by the pitiless storm, the storm itself, the cottage window gradually hid by it, and then the lonely death at that very cottage door, and the dumb companion's vain efforts to wake his master from the last sleep. Think how many words a poet of our day might use in painting a snow-storm, and note how our poet, in describing it as "dark above, and white below," gives with two mere touches of color the characteristic which everybody recognizes as specially belonging to falling snow, but which only a poet could have thus at once caught and said this and no more. It is the painter's eye, turned to subjects unsuitable for the painter's art. But the picturesque power is the least interest in this passage to our mind. We hardly know a greater debt of gratitude to the masters of song than that incurred by those who are made to feel, from the poet's point of view, the dim, voiceless sorrows in which there is nothing poetic. The sorrows, not of warrior or bard, of fair lady or gentle knight, but of rude clodhoppers hardly more intelligent than the four-footed companions who share their cares and perils, — the hardships of the life that is associated in the minds of the genteel world with Dresden china figures and Arcadian inanities, — these things brought home to the mind in simple homely verse like that we have quoted, cannot, we think, so far as they influence the reader at all, fail to make him better. He *feels* for the moment that hardship and peril,

rare visitors at his door, are the inmates of the poor man's house. He realizes, not oppressively but through the mellowing aspect of poetry that the majority of the world are born to struggle and privation; and if when the impression passes from the mind it leaves no trace upon the heart, then the reader must be one whose heart is unfitted to respond to the sorrows of those obscure lives which constitute the most important division of humanity.

The feeling is the more striking in Scott because it is essentially opposed to the spirit of chivalry with which he had so vivid a sympathy. The absence of all trace of pity for the worst sufferers from the wars which occupy the page of Froissart has been noted as a striking characteristic of his time, for there is no need to suppose any special hardness in the chronicler to account for it. The spirit of chivalry, on its harsher side, was never more adequately condemned than by Scott, in the very romance which has made the manners of chivalry familiar to us. "What is it, valiant knight" (*i.e.*, the glory of chivalry), asks the heroic Jewess of Ivanhoe, — "what is it save an offering of sacrifice to a demon of vainglory, and a passing through the fire to Moloch? What remains to you as the prize of all the blood you have spilled — of all the travail and pain you have endured — of all the tears which your deeds have caused, when death hath broken the strong man's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse?"

"What remains?" cried Ivanhoe: "glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre and embalms our name."

"Glory?" continued Rebecca: "alas! is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb — is the defaced sculpture of the inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim — are these sufficient rewards for the sacrifice of every kindly affection, for a life spent miserably that ye may make others miserable? Or is there such virtue in the rude rhymes of a wandering bard, that domestic love, kindly affection, peace and happiness, are so wildly bartered, to become the hero of those ballads which vagabond minstrels sing to drunken churls over their evening ale?"

The whole character of Rebecca seems to us an illustration of what we have said of the current of his sympathies towards the weak and the oppressed. Doubtless, a large part of his nature sided with the paltry hero at whose unfeeling behest Rebecca exposes herself to the shafts of

an invading band at the window of the chamber where Ivanhoe lies wounded. But the insight into the cruelty and hardness of the social order he paints so brilliantly seems to us to indicate a wonderful width and range of sympathy. This is what we mean by his setting the chivalric ideal on a modern background. When Shakespeare paints a Jew, he borrows the spirit of his persecutors, and his Jewess is held up to admiration for robbing her father and deserting his faith. Scott lets the Jewess shine forth in spotless purity against her Christian persecutors, and gives, in his finest female creation,* a voice to a race downtrodden for ages. A far deeper poet than Scott has, in his song of the rabbi Ben-Ezra, given the Jew an utterance which seems to us the translation into the deeper genius of a rich and pregnant thinker of the feeling expressed in Rebecca's demeanor in the lists of Templestowe; and we close the allusion to her with the lines, —

Thou — if thou wast He — who at midwatch
came

By the starlight naming a dubious name!
Thou art the judge. We are bruised thus —
But the judgment over, join sides with us!
We withstood Christ then, be mindful how
At least we withstood Barabbas now!
Was our outrage sore? but the worst we
spared,

To have called *these* Christians had we dared?
Let defiance to *them* pay mistrust of thee,
And Rome make amends for Calvary!

Scott's sympathy with what is common constitutes at once a striking characteristic of his genius and the most lovable element in his character. "Vulgar, my dear," he once remonstrated with his daughter Anne, who had applied the epithet to something which did not deserve it, "do you know the meaning of vulgar? It means only common, and when you have lived to my years you will thank God that nothing worth caring most for is uncommon." The remark is one of the very few which remain as an adequate expression of the man. It came from the core of his hearty, simple, genial nature; it expressed that width of unfastidious sympathy which, while it leaves its stamp on every work of his genius, is even more felt in the records which put the reader, as much as mere records can do, in contact with himself. Width of sympathy is, in fact, in the moral world what dramatic power is in the intellectual. Scott's range is

not, like Shakespeare's, impartial. It has certain *lacuna*; it has also certain definite preferences. He cannot paint those of his own class effectively; he must look up, or look down, to be at his best; and though, even on the level of commonplace genteel life, it appears to us that his pictures are redeemed from mediocrity by occasional reflections of his own magnanimous character, still no doubt it is in the extremes of social life that he is at his best. What we would now dwell upon is, that of these extremes the most effective is the lowest. The Scotch peasant owes his literary existence to Scott's portrait. We must allow that it is the Scotch peasant under a certain rather artificial aspect — it is the *feudal* attitude of the poor which strongly interests him. What Caleb Balderstone would be, apart from his paltry master, we do not gain much help from his creator to imagine. But to speak of this as a limitation of Scott's sympathies is simply to say that he should not have allowed them to be captivated by a feudal ideal. It would be almost as unfair to say that Shakespeare shows a narrowness of sympathy because, while he has painted many men in other attitudes than in relation to women, he has never painted any woman except in relation to a man. The relation of contrast will always, we believe, remain the most poetic and the most picturesque in which any character can be represented. And perhaps, when the peculiar sense of bond between the lowly born and the highly born, which Scott delighted to paint, has faded into remoteness, it will be more distinctly seen than it is now that some excellences can only be thus developed. We do not, indeed, allow that Scott has no power of drawing peasant life except in this attitude: the picture of Jeanie Deans is enough to save his advocate from such a concession; but though a most striking exception, we should still call this noble picture, regarded from this point, an exception to the ordinary course of his dramatic sympathy. He is in this respect the complement of Wordsworth, and we own that, while Scott's ideal is no doubt the much less original conception of peasant life, we do not find it the least interesting of the two.

His pictures of royalty, on the other hand, seem to us to bear in a peculiar manner the stamp of his swift, simple, outward genius. There is no elaborate pomp of description, yet the reader is always made to confront in imagination some stately and dignified presence; we feel that something in Scott's nature readily

* It must be remembered that Jeanie Deans is hardly a creation.

vibrated to the summons that demanded the respect of a subject, yet retaining his manliness and balance at the same time. No doubt he had in this respect eminently the *défaut de sa qualité*. His attitude towards George IV. is not the most pleasing part of his career, and we are glad to think of that tumbler in his coat pocket, honored by having touched the lips of that illustrious monarch, which his loyal subject begged, pocketed, forgot, and sat down upon, startling the poet Crabbe by his sudden rebound from his uneasy seat. We should gladly have hung up what remained of the fragile treasure by the side of Murray of Broughton's saucer,—the cup belonging to which was destroyed in a nobler manner by Scott's father, when it had through Mrs. Scott's officiousness conveyed a cup of tea to the renegade,—as a vestige of two different kinds of loyalty. And well would the broken glass, at all events, have symbolized the brittle nature of all that was associated with Scott's intercourse with George IV. But we have said enough of his weaknesses.

No creation of his art interests us quite so much as the revelations of himself with which that art supplies us. Even his description of nature—the most valuable part of his poetry, and that in which he is eminently a representative of the movement we have connected with his name—seems to us most interesting when it blends itself with what Mr. Ruskin so happily calls his “far away Æolian note,”—a touch of sentiment always simple, sometimes what might be called commonplace, but commonplace only because the feelings represented are so common, not because the allusion is borrowed. The feeling is always slight and expressed as shortly as possible, yet it appears to us to set his bright objective pictures on a wonderfully effective background of pensive coloring, while it often contains what seems the reflection of his own conscience on his genius. As for instance:—

It seemed some mountain rent and riven,
A channel for the stream had given,
So high the cliffs of limestone grey
Hung beetling o'er the torrent's way,
Yielding along their rugged base,
A flinty footpath's niggard space,
Where he, who winds 'twixt rock and wave,
May hear the headlong torrent rave, . . .
Till foam-globes on her eddies ride,
Thick as the schemes of human pride
That down life's current drive amain,
As frail, as frothy, and as vain!

This sense of the fugitiveness of all things earthly is impressed with a peculiar vivid-

ness on all Scott's poetry. It is difficult to find anything in the circumstances of his life, at the time his poetry was written, to explain this sense of insecurity and change; at least it is only in a single case that we can trace any actual cause for it; and though this one deep and enduring feeling seems to us to have been not sufficiently allowed for in any review of his life, yet a healthy nature does not allow any single feeling, however deep and strong, to color its whole being. Scott's early love was not, however, obliterated by any adequate domestic companionship, and some pathetic verses* (pathetic at least in their circumstances), in the feeble handwriting of his last years, but not his own composition, and known to have been much admired by this young lady, remained after his death associated with her initials, to witness to the undying love which seems to have been the source of a wonderfully enduring pain, but perhaps also of that deeper tone never wanting to his poetry, and giving it, to our mind, its special charm. It often happens, we believe, that a nature of much sensibility associates with some painful memory many feelings which are not caused by it, and unawares lets some event become a symbol of temptations and sorrows with which it has no direct connection. We could almost fancy that the fair young girl whom he remembered so tenderly in his old age (and to whom his thoughts seem to have recurred after his wife's death almost with a sense of freedom) symbolized for him higher, purer aims, and that he regretted in her some ideal to which his whole life had been faithless. It is in the poem where he attempted to paint her† that we also find many of the lines which seem dictated by the spirit of self-reproach. We could fancy that the spirit of warning and guidance which most of us can trace in some form or other, in looking back at our lives, sometimes threw the shadow of his own temptations on the canvas that glowed with his creative power. It might have been his guardian angel who bid him write,

O teach him, while your lessons last,
To judge the present by the past;
Remind him of each wish pursued,
How rich it glow'd with promised good;

* They were addressed “To Time,” and believed to have been the composition of the object of his affection. They are a specimen of the slight conventional style of eighty years ago, and, though not actually written by the person to whom they were attributed, are an evidence of a certain power, both of mind and character, in their possible author.

† We suppose that she must have been the lady “long since dead” whom he described as the original of the colorless Matilda.

Remind him of each wish enjoy'd,
How soon his hopes possession cloy'd !
Tell him we play unequal game
Whene'er we shoot by Fancy's aim !
And, ere he strip him for her race,
Show the conditions of the chase.
Two sisters by the goal are set,
Cold Disappointment and Regret ;
One disenchant the winner's eyes,
And strips of all its worth the prize.
While one augments its gaudy show
More to enhance the loser's woe.
The victor sees his fairy gold
Transform'd, when won, to drossy mould,
But still the vanquish'd mourns his loss,
And rues, as gold, that glittering dross.

Trite moralizing, the reader may decide, whose palate, accustomed to the highly seasoned speculation of our own day, finds insipidity in what is simple. To such a mood the grandest thoughts of antiquity would appear trite if they were not veiled in a learned language, and hallowed by the respectful attention of ages. This first of the Romanticists (first at least in fame) may take his place by the side of many a classic writer for the purity and simplicity of the thought which seems poor at first, and enriches itself with the growing experience of life, so that it expands to take in a part of all that we most vividly remember and hope.

That note of dissatisfaction is what we most gladly remember, as we bid him farewell. Whatever in his career was worldly and disappointing, he did not sink so low as to be satisfied with it. He felt the emptiness and poverty of the things he grasped at. Such at least was the utterance of his truest self — such we will also believe (though from a proud, reserved nature there could hardly be evidence of it) was the conviction that lay deeper even than the sense of their loss, and blended with the sense of things eternal that showed clearer as his brittle follies were swept away.

JULIA WEDGWOOD.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

"THROUGH THE DARK CONTINENT" IN 1720.

A FEW years ago, a literary man of some eminence, since prematurely gone from us, came to a publisher in a state of great excitement. "I have just picked up the most wonderful thing at a bookstall," he said. "Did you ever hear of an African explorer of the name of Singleton? Can you tell me anything about this book of his? It contains the most extraordinary

anticipations of the discoveries of Speke, Burton, and Livingstone in central Africa. Here is a man — Captain Singleton, the name is, there is no date on the book — who professes to have travelled across Africa from Zanzibar to the Gold Coast, and who tells you what he and his party saw on each day's march, what wild beasts they met, how they were treated by the natives, where they halted, and how far they walked at a stretch. They had nothing but a chart and a pocket compass, and yet they crossed the whole continent. But the extraordinary part of it is that he came across the sources of the Nile, and saw it flowing from a lake exactly as Speke describes. This man really ought to get the credit of the discovery. He must have been there, for he gives the particulars of each day's march in the most minute way, and besides, you see, he has been confirmed. I can't understand how I never heard of him before. I don't think his name has turned up in any of these discussions at the Geographical Society. Can you tell me anything about him? When did he live?" "Captain Singleton! Captain Singleton!" said the publisher; "that is surely the name of the hero of one of Defoe's stories;" and turning to the list of Defoe's works, he found that his memory had not deceived him.

"The Adventures of Captain Singleton," and his account of the customs and manners of central Africa, are the creation of the author of "Robinson Crusoe;" but this pushes the surprise at his anticipations of recent discovery only a step farther back. I must admit for my own part, that till I thought of following the captain's itinerary on a modern map, I had supposed, from his general appearance of accuracy, that our ancestors had information about central Africa which had somehow been allowed to drop out of knowledge. It is always the case, in supposed anticipations of modern discoveries, that the bygone investigator or speculator has hit upon the most startling feature, the most blazing promontory, in an unexplored country, or unobserved fact, or unthought-of contrivance. He has announced, in short, by some happy intuition, all that the mass of us ever come to know, and we are consequently ready to give him as much credit as the patient discoverer or inventor who has brought certitude or practical value to his random guesses. Captain Singleton appeared to be a worthy predecessor and anticipator of Livingstone and Speke, because, at the beginning of the seventeenth century, he narrated how in the interior of

Africa, which the map-makers of the time represented as an unexplored blank, he had seen vast lakes, and a river issuing from one of them which he believed to be the Nile. The one fact in the discoveries of African travellers before Stanley that had laid hold of popular interest was that the Nile had its source in a huge lake, and not, as had previously been the common belief, in the Mountains of the Moon. Captain Singleton was apparently aware of this, and therefore it seemed that his merits as an explorer had been unfairly allowed to die out of the memories of men.

If Captain Singleton is to be judged by leading facts, there is yet another leaf to be added to his laurels. The most striking fact among the results of Mr. Stanley's last journey, is that the river Congo, in the most northerly part of its course, stretches above the equator. I must confess that I was fairly overwhelmed by the greatness of the imaginary hero, and disposed to yield the most enthusiastic belief to Defoe's boast that he "had the world at his finger ends," when I came across a passage which seemed to anticipate even this last triumph of discovery. There can be little doubt that whatever was the source of Defoe's information, it was one of his notions of central African geography that the Congo ran north of the equinoctial line. In their progress across Africa, Captain Singleton's party were diverted from their straight course from east to west by a vast lake, which "held them till they passed the equinoctial line," and when they were rounding this obstruction, and deliberating how to shape their journey for the western coast, their chief geographical authority, after consulting his charts, "advised them that as soon as they had passed this lake they should proceed W. S.W., that is to say, a little inclining to the south, and that in time they would meet with the great river Congo." Nothing could be more explicit. Is it possible that Defoe, with his genius for seizing the most reliable sources of information, had somehow obtained knowledge of the exact lie of the central African lakes and the great river, as they have been explored by recent enterprise?

A close tracing of the course that Captain Singleton followed across Africa dissipates the idea that Defoe might have had access to the notes of some real seventeenth century traveller. One's first impression is, on finding how truly Defoe conforms to the main lines of central African geography, that he had obtained possession of the itinerary of some early

Portuguese traveller. The Portuguese had trading settlements on both coasts of Africa, and it is conceivable that enterprising merchants might have made the journey overland from one coast to the other. Defoe knew Portuguese, and was keenly interested in every kind of human enterprise; and there seemed nothing violently improbable in the supposition that he had procured, from some Portuguese adventurer, notes of an actual journey, and made them the basis of the adventures of the fictitious Captain Singleton. But intrinsically probable though this supposition may be, it is not borne out by a minute comparison of Singleton's itinerary with what we know of central Africa from more recent and more accurate travellers. Defoe set forth with inimitable vividness the best knowledge of his time, but it falls considerably short of modern knowledge in point of minute accuracy.

It is impossible, of course, to reproduce in a brief summary the wonderful charm of Defoe's circumstantial narrative. The adventures of Captain Singleton have an imperishable interest apart from their geographical truth. Still, it is worth while to extract the geographical teaching from the other details of the story, merely as an example of the knowledge possessed at the beginning of the seventeenth century by a man of genius who had made it his pride to know all that could be known in his time concerning the surface of the globe. There is a sort of notion abroad that there was a backsliding among the geographers of the seventeenth century from the knowledge gathered by their predecessors of the previous century, and no better test of the truth of this notion can be desired than to examine what we are told concerning central Africa by a man who stood between the two centuries, and was much readier to believe that he knew everything, than to admit that he knew nothing. Defoe has often been quoted as a first-hand authority in matters of history. No reader of his "Journal of the Plague," or his "Memoirs of a Cavalier," who had not been expressly put on his guard, would be likely to suppose that he was not in contact with a contemporary annalist. Part of the secret of this wonderful verisimilitude is that the great story-teller was at pains to master the leading historical facts, and to weave his imaginary incidents upon them as a framework. It is obvious that he had recourse to the same device for giving an air of truth to the adventures of his fictitious traveller "across the dark continent," and that he carefully studied and

closely followed the best geographical authorities, supposing, that is to say, that those authorities who knew nothing for certain and therefore professed to know nothing at all, were not the best.

We may be sure that it was not scientific curiosity that took Captain Singleton across the dark continent. He was a steward's boy on board a Portuguese ship, and had been concerned in a mutiny. The mutineers had been left by the captain on a barbarous island on the coast of Madagascar, to die of hunger, or be killed by the natives, or make their way back to civilization as they might. In spite of his youth, Singleton's daring and resource soon gave him authority among his companions. He became their leading adviser when they began to concoct means of escape. His advice was that they should seize the small boats of the natives, and coast along the island till they came to natives who had bigger boats, and so on till they should be sufficiently equipped to capture some passing ship of considerable size, and sail away to the Red Sea to ply the trade of piracy. This admirable plan miscarried from the want of a proper gradation of boats, but the deserted mutineers, after making some progress by various ingenious contrivances, had the good fortune at last to encounter the wreck of a Dutch ship, out of which they built a small frigate, and so made their escape to the mainland. Arrived at the mainland, however, they were hardly in less miserable case than before, for if they sailed for the Red Sea in their little vessel, they were certain to be taken by the Arabs and sold for slaves to the Turks, and the winds were too variable, and the sea too tempestuous, to give them a chance of reaching the Cape of Good Hope. They took, therefore, the chronicle says, "one of the rashest, and wildest, and most desperate resolutions that ever was taken by man, or any number of men in the world; this was, to travel overland through the heart of the country, from the coast of Mozambique, on the East Ocean, to the coast of Angola or Guinea, on the Western or Atlantic Ocean, a continent of land of at least eighteen hundred miles; in which journey they had excessive heats to support, impassable deserts to go over; no carriages, camels, or beasts of any kind to carry their baggage, innumerable numbers of wild and ravenous beasts to encounter with, such as lions, leopards, tigers, lizards, and elephants; they had the equinoctial line to pass under, and consequently were in the very centre of the torrid zone; they had nations of savages

to encounter with, barbarous and brutish to the last degree; hunger and thirst to struggle with; and, in one word, terrors enough to have daunted the stoutest hearts that ever were placed in cases of flesh and blood."

Singleton by no means approved of this resolution of his Portuguese comrades. He had the bulldog courage of an English buccaneer, and his view was that they should "get into the Arabian Gulf or the mouth of the Red Sea, and waiting for some vessel passing or repassing there, of which there is plenty, seize upon the first they came at by force, and not only enrich themselves with her cargo, but carry themselves to what part of the world they pleased." Finding, however, that his companions had not spirit for this enterprise, but were bent upon making their way overland, he convinced them of the necessity of seizing sixty natives to carry their baggage. From one of these natives Singleton—having given such proofs of natural capacity to command that he was unanimously appointed captain of the expedition—learnt that there was "a great river a little further to the north, which was able to carry their bark many leagues into the country due west," and resolved to take advantage of this waterway for his journey. An observation taken by the gunner, who was the geographer of the company, and was provided with charts and a pocket compass, showed the adventurers that they were in 12° 35' south of the line. With regard to the position of the river, Captain Singleton says that he "takes this to be the great river marked by our chart-makers at the northmost part of the coast of Mozambique, and called there Quilloa."

Defoe gives a minute description, after his circumstantial manner, of this river:—

All the country on the bank of the river was a high land, no marshy, swampy ground in it; the verdure good, and abundance of cattle feeding upon it wherever we went, or which way soever we looked; there was not much wood, indeed, at least not near us; but further up we saw oak, cedar, and pine trees, some of which were very large.

The river was a fair open channel about as broad as the Thames, below Gravesend, and a strong tide of flood, which we found held us about sixty miles, the channel deep; nor did we find any want of water for a great way. In short we went merrily up the river with the flood and the wind blowing still fresh at E. and E. N. E.; we stemmed the ebb easily also, especially while the river continued broad and deep; but when we came past the swelling of the tide, and had the natural current of the

river to go against, we found it too strong for us, and began to think of quitting our bark; but the prince would by no means agree to that, for finding we had on board pretty good store of roping made of mats and flags, which I described before, he ordered all the prisoners, which were on shore, to come and take hold of those ropes, and tow us along by the shore side; and as we hoisted our sail too, to ease them, the men ran along at a great rate.

In this manner the river carried us up, by our computation, near two hundred miles, and then it narrowed apace, and was not above as broad as the Thames at Windsor, or thereabout; and after another day we came to a great waterfall or cataract, enough to frighten us, for I believe the whole body of water fell at once perpendicularly down a precipice above sixty feet high, which made noise enough to deprive men of their hearing, and we heard it above ten miles before we came to it.

The travellers could not carry their frigate above this waterfall, but built canoes and pursued their course by means of them.

We passed abundance of inhabitants upon this upper part of the river, and with this observation, that almost every ten miles, we came to a several nation, and every several nation had a different speech, or else their speech had differing dialects, so that they did not understand one another. They all abounded in cattle, especially on the riverside; and the eighth day of this second navigation, we met with a little negro town, where they had growing a sort of corn-like rice, which eat very sweet; and as we got some of it of the people, we made very good cakes of bread of it, and making a fire baked them on the ground, after the fire was swept away, very well; so that hitherto we had no want of provision of any kind we could desire.

Our negroes towing our canoes, we travelled at a considerable rate, and by our own account could not go less than twenty or twenty-five English miles a day, and the river continuing to be much at the same breadth, and very deep all the way, till on the tenth day we came to another cataract; for a ridge of high hills crossing the whole channel of the river, the water came tumbling down the rocks from one stage to another in a strange manner; so that it was a continued link of cataracts from one to another, in the manner of a cascade; only that the falls were sometimes a quarter of a mile from one another, and the noise confused and frightful.

They hauled and carried their canoes past these cataracts, but the river did not serve them much farther; after two days it became so shallow that "there was not water enough to swim a London wherry," and they were obliged to set forward wholly by land.

There is probably a good deal of guess-

work in the description of this river, though there is an element of truth in Defoe's account of the cataracts. Not only are there cataracts on the east African rivers, but they are like the cataracts that Defoe describes. His lower cataract with its sheer descent might pass for the Victoria Falls of the Zambesi, and the succession of cataracts higher up the river have a resemblance in character to the falls on the river Shire. It may have been some rumor of these waterfalls that he has thus boldly localized; still, while the Rufigi is unexplored, it would be rash to say that Defoe has drawn upon his imagination for the most remarkable features of his great river. If we suppose the river up which Captain Singleton sailed to have been the Rufigi, we must give Defoe credit for another remarkable agreement with modern geography. He relates how Captain Singleton after travelling for thirty days due west reached a vast wilderness of sand, and how after pushing on for ten days through this desert he reached an immense lake. "Happily," Singleton says, "we came to it at the south point of it, for to the north we could see no end of it; so we passed by it, and travelled three days by the side of it." Now on looking at the most recent maps of Africa, we see that a line due west from the mouth of the Rufigi would carry the traveller past the southern shore of Lake Tanganika, so that although Defoe is a few degrees wrong in his latitude he might still get credit for a wonderful amount of correct anticipation. On looking, however, at the maps of the seventeenth century, we do not find that in this particular Defoe was ahead of the common knowledge of his age; his lake was simply the Zaffian of the maps, the southern extremity of which was in the same latitude with the river marked Quil-
loa.

We may admit indeed that the geographers of the seventeenth century had an inkling of the correct position of the southern part of Lake Tanganika. The Portuguese had penetrated as far as that. It is after he has carried Captain Singleton past this point that Defoe's geography becomes indisputably wild and fabulous. His travellers rest for five days by the lake, after their fatigues in the desert. There are no human beings to annoy them — Defoe makes them traverse a thousand miles of the interior without meeting with any creatures of their own kind — but they have several adventures with wild animals, elephants, lions, tigers, and wolves, who compel them to stand on their de-

fence. Setting forward from the lake to get rid of this disagreeable company, and still keeping their course due west, they find the desert continue, though it is not so arid as before, but watered by small streamlets; they push on through the desert for sixteen days, till the ground begins almost insensibly to rise, and at the end of three days more they reach the summit of a very high ridge of hills, from which they see stretching before them a country clothed with green, and a large river. It was a month since they had had a tree to shelter them from the sun, and the shade of the woods was "the most refreshing thing imaginable to them." The gunner, who kept their computations, told them that they had now come about eleven hundred miles of their journey, and "pulling out his map," assured them that the river which they saw was "either the river Nile or ran into the great lake out of which the river Nile was said to take its beginning." They debated whether it would not be well, if that were the Nile, to build canoes and float down it to Egypt rather than expose themselves to any more deserts and scorching sands, but the gunner dissuaded them by good and sufficient reasons from this way of reaching the sea. While they were loitering by the river before resuming their march, one of the party picked up a piece of gold, and they spent some days searching for gold with great success. The rainy season coming on, they encamped for four months by the Golden River. With commendable care not to set the covetous upon a vain chase, Captain Singleton mentions that they cleared the spot of gold, and that it seemed to be only a casual deposit.

From the Golden River Captain Singleton and his party set forward again due west, and marched ten days through a pleasant country, "easy to travel in as well as to supply us with provisions, though still without inhabitants," at the rate of twenty or twenty-five miles a day, stopping only one day "to make a raft to carry us over a small river which having been swelled with the rains was not yet quite down." We must quote Defoe's realistic account of the surprise with which they were then confronted:—

When we were past this river, which by the way ran to the northward too, we found a great row of hills in our way; we saw indeed the country open to the right at a great distance; but as we kept true to our course due west, we were not willing to go a great way out of our way, only to shun a few hills, so we

advanced; but we were surprised, when, being not quite come to the top, one of our company, who, with two negroes, was got up before us, cried out, the sea! the sea! and fell a dancing and jumping, as signs of joy.

The gunner and I were most surprised at it, because we had but that morning been calculating that we were then above a thousand miles from the seaside, and that we could not expect to reach it till another rainy season would be upon us; so that, when our man cried out, the sea, the gunner was angry and said he was mad.

But we were both in the greatest surprise imaginable, when, coming to the top of the hill, and, though it was very high, we saw nothing but water, either before us, or to the right hand or the left, being a vast sea, without any bound but the horizon.

We went down the hill full of confusion of thought, not being able to conceive whereabouts we were, or what it must be, seeing by all our charts the sea was yet a vast way off.

They are fairly puzzled, but they resolve to hold to the north. They travel along the shore of this sea full twenty-three days, till they descry land on the further side of the water, due west; after travelling eight days more, they find that the lake or sea ends in "a very great river, which runs N. or N. by E." The gunner again pulls out his maps, and declares his belief that he had been mistaken before, and that this is the river Nile. With some trouble they waft themselves and their cattle across the river, and discover a most inhospitable country, full of strange wild creatures, distinguished among which was "an ugly, venomous, deformed kind of snake or serpent," so hideous and noisy that "our men would not be persuaded but it was the devil, only that we did not know what business Satan could have there where there were no people." "It was very remarkable," Captain Singleton reflects, "that we had now travelled a thousand miles without meeting with any people, in the heart of the whole continent of Africa, where, to be sure, never man set his foot since the sons of Noah spread themselves over the face of the whole earth."

A few days after they cross the river, our travellers see some signs of inhabitants. These prove to be "all negroes, and stark naked," but "a very frank, civil, and friendly sort of people," who give Captain Singleton directions for his journey, and show him that he must no longer go due west, but turn northwards, because there is another lake in the way. In two days more they sight this lake, and it "holds them till they pass the equinoctial line."

If one reads Captain Singleton's travels hurriedly, without attending to the precise notes of his position at various stages, it might easily appear that Defoe had somehow obtained a more correct idea of the lie of the central lakes than the map-makers of his time. Here we have described a vast lake out of which the Nile issues, and near it another great lake stretching north of the equator. Further, his learned gunner is of opinion that when they have rounded this second lake, they should bend a little to the south, and in time they would strike upon the Congo. One is disposed to jump immediately to the conclusion that Defoe was writing from the information of some early explorer of the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza, and some traveller on the Congo who had traced its course north of the equator. Captain Singleton does not reach the Congo; he finds an impassable desert in his way, and holding more directly west, conducts his band at last to the Gold Coast. Still the gunner's geography would have been verified if the desert had not intervened; his charts marked the true course of the Congo, in one great particular at least, as it has been ascertained by Mr. Stanley during his explorations.

The position of Defoe's lakes, however, is seen to be very different from the true position of the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Nyanza, when we look closely at his definition of them. He makes Captain Singleton travel thirteen hundred miles due west from about 12° S. latitude on the Zanzibar coast, before striking on the great central lake which looked like the sea. It is unnecessary to say that such a course would land the traveller a good thousand miles from the Victoria Nyanza, as marked on the modern map. On the other hand it would bring him as nearly as possible to the Lake Zaire of the seventeenth century map-makers. There is a collection of seventeenth century maps of Africa in the British Museum, which agree, with the slightest possible variations, in the position they give to the central lakes. Dapper's map, reproduced in Mr. Stanley's recent work, is a very good sample of them, and shows their universal conception of the lake system. Defoe's great lake is simply their Lake Zaire. The points in which he differs from them are his second lake lying across the equinoctial line, which I have not seen represented in any map, and the course which he seems to assign to the Congo. On this last point he has been

corroborated; but no great equatorial lake has yet been discovered anywhere near the longitude in which he represents it as lying.

Still it is curious that Defoe should have been right about the Congo when the Dutch, English, and French map-makers were wrong. The probability is that he got his information from Portuguese sources—the gunner was a Portuguese sailor, and would naturally have used the maps of his own countrymen—and that the Portuguese had traced the Congo upwards from their settlements near its mouth. We may even suppose that Defoe, who was all his life much in contact with traders, and at one time proposed settling in Cadiz as a merchant, learnt more from the Portuguese than their government would allow publishers to put into their maps. Dr. Livingstone at one time accused the Portuguese government of deliberately misleading the world about the mouths of the Zambesi, and they may easily have had commercial reasons at an earlier date for keeping their knowledge to themselves. The writer of an interesting article in *Nature** on the old maps of Africa, points out that the old map-makers, proceeding upon information furnished by Portuguese traders and missionaries, were so far right about the Congo, that they made it issue from a lake in the interior. We may expect to hear by-and-by an account of the exact amount of knowledge concerning central Africa possessed by the early geographers, from the commission which the Lyons Geographical Society has instituted to inquire into the subject. Meantime, judging from what Defoe puts into the mouth of Captain Singleton, we should say that the Portuguese, if they, as seems most likely, were his authorities, knew a good deal about the country for some distance inland from both coasts, but that there was a vast expanse in the interior into which they had never penetrated, or from which they had brought back only the vaguest information.

No exploring records that have yet been brought to light go the least way towards diminishing the credit of recent explorers, Livingstone, Speke, Burton, Baker, and Stanley. The noble courage and patience of these explorers, nothing, of course, can diminish; but they may still retain also unchallenged the glory of priority. Nor do I think that the

* LIVING AGE, No. 1777, p. 56.

map-makers of the eighteenth century were guilty of a step backwards when they discarded the conjectural tracings of vast lakes which formed the tradition of central African geography in the previous century. I do not know who is responsible for thus making central Africa a geographical blank. The writer in *Nature* attributes it to Guillaume Delisle; and one finds maps without the lakes which are said to be constructed "selon les nouvelles Observations de Messrs. de l'Académie des Sciences." But at any rate one cannot admit that it was a scientific error thus to make confession of ignorance. The map-makers retained the lakes long after geographers had ceased to profess any knowledge of the country where they were conjecturally placed. Peter Heylin, for example, has the lakes shown in the map accompanying his "*Cosmographie*," although in the text of the work he makes this frank confession: "Touching these provinces we can say but little, and that little of no great note or certainty; but that they differ for the most part from one another both in speech and behavior; each village under a several king, and each in continual quarrel with its next neighbors, whom, if they overcome, they eat." The sum total of the seventeenth century knowledge about central Africa was that both the Nile and the Congo flowed out of large lakes deep in the interior. The eighteenth century geographers cannot be blamed for ceasing to give pictorial representation to these facts, when they could not fix the true position of the lakes within a thousand miles. The first step towards true knowledge is the rejection of knowledge falsely so conceived; and the exclusion of Lakes Zafflan, Zaire, and Zembre from the maps, was really the first step towards a scientific geography of the unexplored African continent.

W. MINTO.

From Public Opinion.

THE BUZZING OF INSECTS.

THE old naturalists thought generally that the buzzing of insects was produced by the vibrations of the wing, but they had scarcely attempted to analyze this phenomenon, and their opinion was abandoned when Reaumur showed that when the wings are cut a blow-fly continues to buzz. Other explanations of the phenomenon have been advanced by various naturalists,

but none of them are satisfactory. M. Jousset de Bellesme has been making some investigations on the subject, and, after proving that previous theories are unsatisfactory, he describes the results of his own researches. To avoid confusion, it should be distinctly understood what is meant by buzzing. In the scientific acceptance it means to imitate the sound of the humblebee, which is the type of buzzing insects. But the humblebee gives out two very different sounds, which are an octave of each other—a grave sound when it flies and a sharp sound when it alights. We say, then, that buzzing is the faculty of insects to produce two sounds at an octave. This definition limits the phenomenon to the hymenoptera and the diptera. The coleoptera often produce in flying a grave and dull sound, but they are powerless to emit the sharp sound, and consequently do not buzz. There are two or three ascertained facts which will serve as guides in the interpretation of the phenomenon. First, it is indisputable that the grave sound always accompanies the great vibrations of the wings, which serve for the translation of the insect. It is easily seen that this sound commences as soon as the wings begin to move, and that if the wings be cut off it disappears entirely. The sharp sound is never, on the contrary, produced during flight; it is only observed apart from the great vibrations of the wings when the insect alights, or when it is held so as to hinder its movement, and in that case the wing is seen to be animated by a rapid trembling. It is also produced when the wings are entirely taken away. From these two remarks we may draw the conclusion that the grave sound belongs properly to the wings, that it is caused by their movements of great amplitude. There is here no difficulty. As to the sharp sound, it is certainly not produced by the wings, since it survives the absence of these. Yet the wings participate in it and undergo a particular trembling during the production of this sound. To discover the cause it is necessary to go back to the mechanism of the movement of the wing. It is known that among nearly all insects the muscles which serve for flight are not inserted in the wing itself, but in the parts of the thorax which support it, and that it is the movement of these which acts on the wing and makes it vibrate. The form of the thorax changes with each movement of the wing under the influence or the contraction of the thoracic muscles. The muscular masses intended

for flight being very powerful, this vibratory movement of the thorax is very intense, as may be proved by holding one of these insects between the fingers. But as the vibrations are repeated two or three hundred times per second, they give rise to a musical sound, which is the sharp note. In fact, the air which surrounds the thorax is set in vibration by that directly, and without the wing taking part in it. There are then two simultaneous sounds, one produced by the vibration of the wings and the other by the thoracic vibration, the latter twice as rapid as the former, and therefore an octave. This is why in flight only a single grave sound is heard. When the thorax moves alone a sharp sound is produced. This, M. de Bellesme believes, is the only explanation that can be given of the mode of production of the two sounds which constitute buzzing.

From The Spectator, "Paris Exhibition."
CAMBODIA.

ANOTHER recollection to carry away and dream of—from the gallery of foreign retrospective art—is that of the sculptures from Cambodia, and more particularly of the fragment of a huge, many-headed serpent, with two figures astride on it, and enclosing it, which formed part of the approaches to one of the gates of a fortress, a model of which restored is to be found in the pavilion of the French Direction of the Fine Arts on the other side of the river. [The whole body of the serpent would be, if I recollect aright, one hundred and twenty feet long, and the whole number of figures astride, twenty or twenty-two. A people wholly lost to history has left these evidences behind it that it had an art of its own, as complete in its way as that of Egypt or Assyria; that its architects could uprear edifices of stone of gigantic size; that its sculptors could represent the human and other natural forms in due proportion, and in any size; that its artists had the sense of movement in the highest degree—on a fragment of frieze there is an uprearing short-maned horse which might be Assyrian—that they had the gift of ornament, and could wind their characteristic emblem, the serpent, into the most subtle decorative patterns. We may fancy we trace resemblances with

the art of Assyria, of China, or India, but the artistic individuality of this extinct people, whose monuments alone remain in the midst of the forests of Cambodia, is unmistakable. I know of nothing resembling the colossal quaternion of heads into which the fortress gate grows up; no other people that I am aware of has thus treated the human form. Not less remarkable is the conception of the serpent. I have spoken of it as many-headed, but it really has one enormous head, out of which many smaller ones spring. And then the type of the human figures themselves, as they ride the serpent, thick-lipped, low-nosed, broad-nostrilled—yet neither negro nor Mongolian—with a kind of sneering smile of self-satisfied power! There is nothing of the cold and awful serenity of the Egyptian,—nothing of the proud, self-conscious strength of the Assyrian. You seek in vain for any really human quality in these faces. Justice is as far from them as mercy. You cannot even say that they are cruel, for cruelty implies something of impulse, if not of passion. They simply have no sense beyond that of satisfying their own selfishness, and they know that they are able to do so to the full. With such a smile on their faces, one might conceive of the antediluvians listening to the preaching of Noah.

Such races deserve to perish. But one would fain know, instead of having to guess, the riddle of their history. Standing before these wonderful remains—the vigorous battle-scene, the wild dance, the strange architectural conceptions, the ever-recurring serpent, the quaternion of gigantic heads—one feels how dark is the fate of nations which have only an art, and not a literature. Not a trace of anything that looks like writing can be discerned anywhere. And so of this lost race of Cambodia, "their memorial is perished with them."

L.

[There is nothing in the world more wonderful than these remains, of which we hear so little. A French traveller once showed us photographs of some upper stories built by these Cambodians, which in his belief, and he was an expert, no architect could now reproduce. He could not conceive how they were done.—ED. *Spectator*.]